Saturday Night

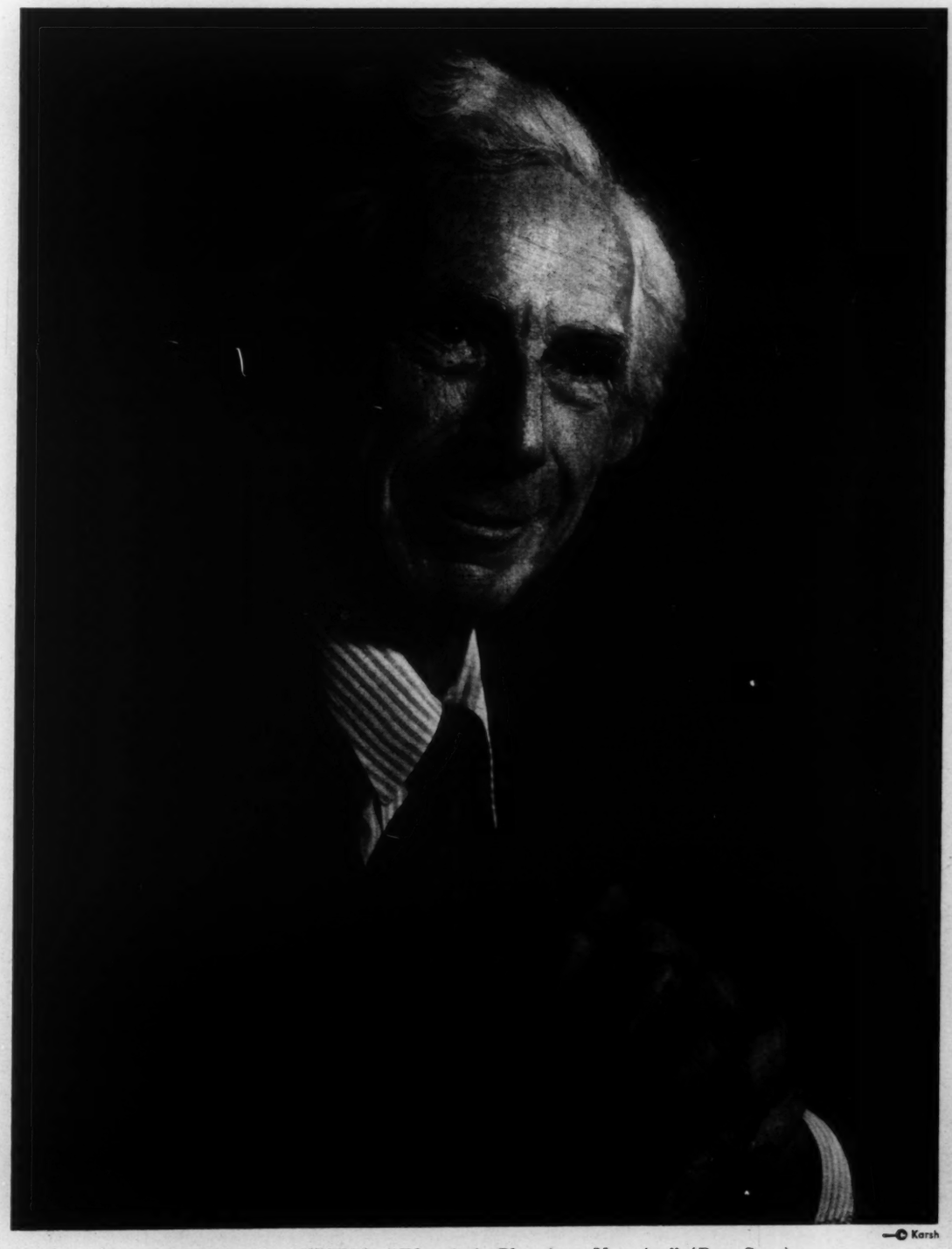
March 7, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The seasons change as the earth turns about the sun, growing things sleep and wake, birds ride the winds on the ebb and flow of primal desires. But the seasons are not copies of each other; each winter has its own pattern of frost or thaw, and the fires of spring do not burn on a time schedule; the same tree changes its looks from month to month, from year to year, putting out new branches to hide the scars where old ones have been torn away. Change is the order of things, but the changes are like beads of different shapes and colors strung on the same thread.

There is a rebel spirit in man which often confuses him, so that he welcomes change for its own sake, not because it is good or bad but simply because it is different.

We were led into this bit of speculation by a review of the changes which have been made from time to time in the appearance and contents of *Saturday Night*—a process which is still underway, as you can see in this issue. Some of the changes in the past have been good, and some bad. We believe this one is good, because it was not made just for the sake of change but to give you a journal in which ideas,



© Karsh

BERTRAND RUSSELL: "Education's Place in a New Age." *(Page Seven)*

HER JEWELRY...

Coro

OF COURSE!

LIZABETH SCOTT co-starring in Hal Wallis' production "SCARED STIFF". gown by Ceil Chapman

GOLDEN PLUME
by Coro

This lovely fashion jewelry is available in rose, aqua and emerald. About $4 at leading stores everywhere.

Coro JEWELRY ®

CORO (CANADA) LIMITED, 69 YORK STREET, TORONTO • 1255 PHILIPP'S SQUARE, MONTREAL

The Front Page

writing and make-up would come together in harmony. It was made after careful study, not only of modern typography and trends in journalism, but of the circumstances which brought SATURDAY NIGHT into being in the first place and which through the years gave it a strong, thoughtful character.

The idea which became SATURDAY NIGHT is as valid today as it was on Dec. 3, 1887, when Vol. 1, No. 1 was published. It is the idea which gives the continued reason for existence; its light may have flickered once or twice, but it was never doused, and now we will work to make it burn more brightly than ever.

In that first issue the publishers said: "It is the intention . . . to make the editorial columns of SATURDAY NIGHT the most piquant and entertaining of any Canadian paper."

They went about their job with such gusto that soon SATURDAY NIGHT had a place all its own in Canadian journalism.

We have adopted the present form for SATURDAY NIGHT because we believe it embodies, in modern dress, the purpose of this publication, the purpose for which it was founded: to be a weekly journal of literate comment and opinion for intelligent Canadians.

Traffic and Education

SOME PRETTY silly things have been eased into school curricula from time to time, but we cannot understand how even the most dazed official could entertain for a moment any proposal to teach secondary school students how to drive cars.

Lack of knowledge is not the main reason for the daily blood-letting in traffic accidents on streets and highways. The people behind the steering wheels know how to go through the motions of driving, but they do not know how to be members of a civilized society.

The purpose of education is to produce, not mechanically skilled automatons, but responsible citizens.

War Correspondent

RED-BEARDED Gerard William Boss is back on the job he likes best: living with Canada's soldiers and reporting their doings for the people at home. Now he is in Germany with the 27th Brigade. Not so long ago he was in Korea with the 25th Brigade. Between brigades he bustled about "on leave" in Canada; when we caught up with him, he was busy with his preparations for Europe.

Was he getting a bit weary of following the troops from country to country, especially when the jaunts included spots like Korea? Not he. "The place doesn't matter so long as you're interested in the job, and I am just as interested now as I ever was. Korea? I didn't mind being there at all. So much depends on the attitude of the individual, how much he is willing to see, outside himself . . ."

Bill Boss has seen a great deal since 1932, when he went to work as an office boy to Geoffrey Dawson, then editor of the London *Times*, when Dawson was at the Imperial Economic Conference in Ottawa in 1932. Jobs with the *Ottawa Citizen*, the London *Times* and The Canadian

—AP

William Boss

Press followed. Ottawa-born (he is 35 years old now), he graduated from the University of Ottawa before making up his mind to be a newspaperman instead of a musician; he founded and conducted the Ottawa concert orchestra and after the Second World War he became the first Canadian to conduct several leading European orchestras, including that of the Royal Opera House in Rome.

He was looking forward to visiting Germany again. "So much has gone on there since I last saw it. That was back in 1950"—the year he travelled through 10 European countries from Scandinavia to Italy for CP—"and at that time it was remarkable what had been done since the end of the war." He was a CP war correspondent in Italy and Northwest Europe, after service with the 4th Division and First Canadian Corps.

Working in Europe again will give him a chance to keep his languages polished; he speaks Italian, French, German and Dutch, in addition to the Korean and Japanese he was able to pick up during his two years with the Canadians in the Far East. He landed in Korea with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in December, 1950.

There will be many veterans with the 27th Brigade who will remember the tall thin figure of Bill Boss (5 feet 11 inches, 147 pounds) but it will not take long for the man with the red beard, black beret and cheery voice to make himself known to all the servicemen. He's an old hand at that sort of thing; in Korea he worked on the gun line, in a small tent that could be knocked down and packed, along with typewriter, radio and other equipment, in a two-wheeled trailer, in the space of about three-quarters of an hour—mobility which amazed other correspondents who saw him in action.

Literary Barbarians

A MURRAIN on those people who rewrite great works of literature "for popular consumption"!

We have just received a hefty volume entitled "The World's Literature in Digest Form," which gives the "plot stories of 510 famous novels, plays, tales and epic poems." It is admirable for people who cannot spare the time to feed on great books but want to give the impression of literary omniscience at cocktail parties for visiting celebrities.

Now two high school teachers in Philadelphia are going to do a fast job on the plays of Shakespeare "to make them more understandable to youth." If Shakespeare must be rewritten for modern youth, then let's keep Shakespeare and do without the youth. But we do not think that is necessary; it would be much more sensible to do away with high school teachers who suffer from hallucinations.

Any fool can manufacture a plot. Few have the genius to turn a plot into a great book or play. To destroy the work of genius is worse than graverobbing, and we cannot think of a penalty severe enough for such a heinous crime. Until we think of one, we would consign these rewriting barbarians to a hell peopled by characters from soap operas.

Helping with Policy

THERE IS nothing wrong with various groups of citizens with common interests taking steps to present their particular views to the Government. Indeed, it is good for the men who handle the nation's affairs to get such views and learn what people are thinking and doing in different parts of the country and in different walks of life. It is proper that those outside Government should try to help with advice and criticism those who have the job of governing.

It is possible, however, for these groups to be too diligent and insistent, and so confuse and impede the legislators. For example, we do not think that the "international department" planned by the Canadian Congress of Labor is going to make the job of the Department of External Affairs any easier.

If the Congress wants to set up such a department, of course, it is nobody's business but that of the people in the Congress who pay the bills. But the CCL secretary-treasurer, Donald McDonald, was quoted as saying "we feel we should have a greater say in the policies and work of the intergovernmental structure" which has been built up in recent years, and "we feel we have not only a right, but a responsibility to our members to interest ourselves and participate in the formulation of policies." Now, the making of policies by Government is everybody's business.

The interests of the Congress and those of the nation often coincide, but not always. There is no reason to believe that the CCL experts are in a position to speak for the majority of Canadians on affairs of international importance; indeed, in view of the failure of the "political action" efforts of union leaders, one can wonder if the experts will speak for themselves or for a majority of the CCL's 370,000 members. We shall watch with great interest just how the CCL's "international department" goes about "having a greater say" in the affairs of inter-governmental agencies.

In a Tough League

ONE OF the strongest believers in the value of competition is Graham Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada. When other banks opposed the granting of a Canadian charter to the Nationale Handelsbank of Amsterdam, he was not impressed. The competition between the present banks was strong, yes, "but the league is not as tough as in the cloak and suit trade." A little earlier he had said, in his annual report, that dollar countries must allow competition from abroad to get world trade back on its feet. He was not saying anything new, of course, but it seems to be a lesson that must be read again and again because it is so easily forgotten.

We in Canada produce a great deal more than we can use and so must go looking for people to buy our extra goods. If they have the money and our price is right, they buy. The money depends largely on what they are able to sell us, and the price depends on whether we can produce as efficiently as other countries selling the same goods. We have done a great deal to make it easier for others to sell their goods

—STAR SERVICE

Graham Towers

in Canada, but one of these days we are going to find out that we're not selling so much to them because our price isn't right.

One of the things Mr. Towers had to say in his report was that while the price of imports into Canada last year was down about 12 per cent, the price of Canadian exports had dropped only a little. This means

The Front Page

that foreign producers are cutting their costs and their prices and we have not done much about meeting that competition. If we are not careful, we will find that we are in as tough a league as the cloak and suit trade.

We can peg our prices at home and use subsidies and other devices to cut our prices in foreign markets, but we cannot do that for long without wasting our substance. For a while we can have a glittering front of prosperity but there will not be enough behind it to keep it in place. What we must do now is get ourselves in shape for play in a tough league.

Full Education

IT IS GOOD to learn that university students these days are not dreamy intellectuals but practical young men and women who know how to go about getting the things they want. At least, this is the case in Saskatchewan.

Students at the University of Saskatchewan needed more money for various activities, including a campus newspaper. According to the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*, this is what happened: a proposal was submitted to the student body that the money be raised by getting a dollar from each undergraduate, but this was voted down and instead a request for the needed cash will be made to the provincial government.

It seems the students have not been slow to learn that it is much better to take a little bit from everyone else's pockets than to reach into their own.

Musical Didoes

THE LEADER of an English dance band, Jack Parnell, has been fined for playing a jazz version of Manuel de Falla's Ritual Fire Dance. A listener complained to the British Broadcasting Corporation, and in no time at all the music publishers had Mr. Parnell in court, charged with infringement of copyright, because he had not obtained their permission to use the arrangement.

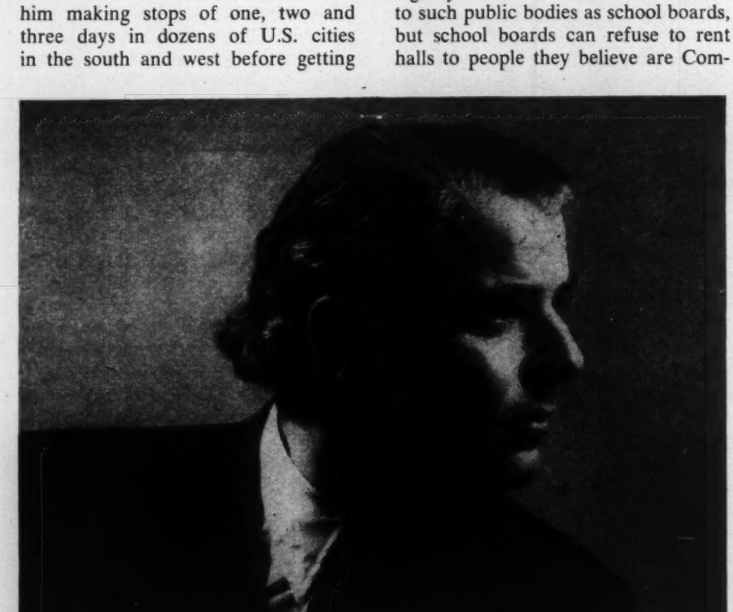
Mr. Parnell erred, of course, in giving credit to de Falla. If he had called his arrangement "Wood Stove Boogie" and put his own name to it, he would have been following respectable tradition.

Latter-Day Mr. Dickens

THE CHARACTERS created by Charles Dickens are living in a bigger world these days, and all because of a very accomplished Welshman named Emlyn Williams, who is going about North America giving readings from the works of Dickens. There is no doubt about it; from the moment he places his white gloves carefully on his reading desk, Mr. Williams is not only Mr. Dickens, but Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Dombey and Mr. Chops and all the other people of the books in turn.

When we dropped in to pay our respects to Mr. Williams the other day, we found him out of sorts. "Infected ear," he explained. "Horrible thing. Must be this moving around from place to place. I'm thoroughly enjoying it, though, and by all appearances the audiences do, too. I really live Dickens when I'm reading. It took a lot of work to prepare, of course, but it's all worth it."

Being the same height as Dickens (five feet 8½ inches) helps and his weight, 161 pounds, is not too dissimilar. When he appeared in Toronto, it was the 141st anniversary of Dicken's birth. His schedule has him making stops of one, two and three days in dozens of U.S. cities in the south and west before getting back to New York in May. After that, of course, there will be the Coronation.



—MERRILL CHASE

EMLYN WILLIAMS: "I really live Dickens."

Dickens is taking up a lot of his time, outside the readings. "I'm translating *Bleak House* into Welsh," he said. (He studied modern languages at Oxford, and speaks French, German and Italian in addition to his native Welsh.) "I want to get it done for the National Eisteddfod this year." Every Welshman speaks with reverence of the Eisteddfod, which is a national festival of the arts without parallel anywhere else.

"I love adapting things like this," he continued. "Indeed, I love most things about my profession, but especially writing and acting in plays I have written." Among his plays are *Night Must Fall* and *The Corn Is Green*. His favorite role, he said, was Sir Robert Morton in *The Winslow Boy*, which scotched a published report that his favorite was Lord Lebanon in *The Case of the Frightened Lady*. His parents in Mostyn, Flintshire, where he was born in 1905, had him aimed for a scholastic career, and he attended schools in Holywell and Switzerland before going to Oxford, but he appeared at the Savoy Theatre in London in 1927 as Pelling's 'Prentice in *And So to Bed*, and that was that. He has directed most of his own plays and produced many of them; and he has done the same with the works of others (including *The Little Foxes*) and with films.

Reading and walking are his recreations.

Thinking is Better

IN CANADA NOW, Communism exists in a sort of half world of legality. Communists can be elected to such public bodies as school boards, but school boards can refuse to rent halls to people they believe are Communists. The Federal Government can keep Communists from working at certain jobs, but cannot keep a Communist out of Parliament if he is properly elected.

It may be a muddle, but it is better that we try to think our way out of it than rush into a law which could hobble us as well as those we despise. We cannot outlaw an idea, but we can make our own belief so clear and strong that it will shine in the minds of people everywhere.

Conditioned Children

THE KNOWINGNESS of today's child confounds us. It is a long time since we clamped on a set of headphones and listened to someone talking into a microphone a thousand miles away, but we never have lost that first feeling of bewildered surprise that such a thing could be, and the daily magic brewed by the scientists only increases our bewilderment. But our children seem to be several jumps ahead even of the scientists.

The other night we commented on the opinion of an electronics engineer who had noted that "sub-miniature techniques will further develop various types of portable and airborne radio equipment." We had only a vague idea of what he meant, but it seemed to indicate that yet another scientific marvel was in the making.

Our young son listened patiently and with only the slightest trace of boredom, before commenting: "That will be pocket and wrist radios—old stuff, you know." Then he went quietly to the basement to do some work on the rocket ship he was building—with built-in miniature radio, of course.

Military Mentality

THIS SEEMS to be an age of slogans and catchwords, and even people who should know better get into the habit of using these words without stopping to think what they mean. "The military mentality" is an example. Prime Minister Nehru used it recently in criticizing the foreign policy of the United States; he did not name President Eisenhower, but there was no doubt about his reference.

It is true that a man's vocation moulds his way of thinking. A lawyer may not approach a problem from the same point of view as a writer or a plumber or a soldier; but there is a good chance that all of them, if they are a clear-headed lot, will think their way through to workable solutions. There is no reason to believe that every career soldier is a congenital idiot, any more than that every career politician is an unerring genius.

Phrases like "the military mentality" slide smoothly from the tongue, but they seldom mean more than the cheap sneer of one class of men against another. One could just as easily attribute a "political mentality" to a man who has a full bag of election tricks. Nehru used the phrase, and went on to say that "statesmanship is being more and more governed by military factors," as if there were no war in Asia except for some minor trouble being stirred up by irresponsible soldiers who could be pacified by soft talk and timid promises. That may be statesmanship; if so, thank Heaven for the military mentality.

Personal

AMONG other "firsts" in this week's issue is the business report from Britain, written by Harold E. Wincott, who is a director of *The Investors' Chronicle*, the most widely circulated weekly investment newspaper in the United Kingdom. Mr. Wincott's authoritative and sprightly report on business conditions in Britain will appear once a month in SATURDAY NIGHT. With this issue, too, James Coleman appears with the first of his weekly commentaries on sports.

Letters

Eaters Are Confused

I TRULY enjoyed Robertson Davies' article "Do You Eat, or Basely Feed?" (SATURDAY NIGHT Feb. 7) and felt myself being influenced by his criticism of our Canadian menu. I quote him:

"For we (Canadians) live in a land of plenty and it is high time we learned to cook."

Upon thumbing back over the magazine I came upon Beverley Nichols' "introduction to himself" and found myself slightly confused over his rather definite opinion on London food. I quote:

"It will make you in Canada realize how lucky you are by comparison."

What are we, the eaters, to believe?

Perhaps we could get them, the writers, together some evening over a nice Canadian steak.

Newmarket, Ont. LOIS HATHAWAY

Beverley Debilitating

BEVERLEY NICHOLS' self-introduction is debilitating. In a man of his age and experience the paramount claim to celibacy indicates his writings have not reached the stage of fruition although he himself has—a much less laudable attribute! Graham Greene does not so much "hate his guts" methinks as disdains his lack of them.

A thinking writer does not need a self-introduction. Gandhi, a celibate in his mature life, would have introduced himself with the statement "I am nothing" and then, by his writing, would have given an impression of vibrant personality—not a houseful of mewing cats!

Nichols' ego overshadows anything there may be in his work. The idea that we are to go to Westminster Abbey and sit through the whole Coronation with our eyes glued on Beverley Nichols keeps protruding. Are we to be dragged about the British Isles all this regal summer viewing Nichols at Ascot, Nichols at Wimbledon, Nichols at Epsom, Nichols at lunch, and Nichols in bed?

Hamilton A. J. COHOE

Angry Food Producer

IN YOUR February 7 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, Wilfred List tells us about "Canada's Top Unionist Frank Hall."

After reading the article it occurred to me, that instead of entitling it "Railway Workers' Labor Boss," it would have been more accurate to head it simply "Canada's Boss."

In 1948 Mr. Hall threatened to shut down the country's business, and got a haul of 86 million from the Canadian people. Two years later he did the same. Lately another effort brought the same results.

. . . Why should not the producers of the food of this country (who have billions of capital invested, and who also work) do the same thing . . . for a like increase in food prices? If might is right, Canadians who have no club should surely look for one.

Cainsville, Ont. PETE PETERSON

Attacks Divorce Law

IN YOUR correspondent (Feb. 7) Hector Macrae opposes any change in our divorce laws, on the ground, apparently, that they would "destroy the family."

Does the denial of a divorce to a wife whose husband has deserted her and their children for many years and whose whereabouts are unknown help to maintain "the family"? . . . The same results often follow from the refusal of a divorce to a spouse (especially one who is young) whose partner has become permanently insane . . .

If the law be broadened, persons whose religious beliefs are opposed to divorce will not be forced to take advantage of it. Why then should they compel persons without those beliefs to live under a law which incorporates those beliefs, at least in part? The truth is that the present laws are an illogical and rancidly stale hodge-podge, and Canada can scarcely call itself a fully civilized country so long as it refuses to improve them. Persons who oppose divorce on any and every ground are, at least, logical; those who do not get that far, but resist improvements of present laws, have not a logical or sociological leg to stand on.

Calgary W. KENT POWER, Q. C.

History Forgotten

WITH REFERENCE to Bishop Hallam's interesting article "The Church of England in Canada" two important historical references have been omitted.

First: Richard Hakluyt, the well known recorder of Elizabethan voyages, gives an account of the third expedition of Martin Frobisher in 1578-9, which wintered on an island in the Countess of Warwick Sound, Frobisher Bay, Baffin Land. The Englishmen named it Winter's Furnace but the Eskimo call it White Man's Island. The chaplain was a Church of England clergyman named Wolfall described by Hakluyt as "being of good reputation amongst the best" and "a learned man appointed by His Majesty's Council to be their minister and preacher". We are also told that on arrival in Baffin Land the Chaplain "preached a godly sermon, which being ended, he celebrated also a Communion upon the land, at the partaking thereof was the Captain of the *Anne Frances*, and many other gentlemen and soldiers, marines and miners with him. The celebration of Divine Mysteries was the first sign, seal and confirmation of Christ's Name, Death and Passion ever known in all these quarters. The said Mr. Wolfall made sermons, and celebrated the Communion at sundry other times, in several and sundry ships, because the whole Company could never meet together at any one place".

Secondly: About 120 years later (circa 1699) a priest of the Church of England was at work in St. John's, Newfoundland, which is now part of the Dominion of Canada.

Goderich, Ont. A. L. FLEMING

Yukon Discoveries

I HAVE JUST finished reading the article "BC's School of Mining Pays Off", by R. A. Francis.

Wally Green, veteran prospector from Ontario, was in charge of a party consisting of Charles Aird and C. E. Hankins, which was outfitted and hired by the Yukon Mining Co. Ltd., of Whitehorse, of which Albert Coy was at the time Managing Director.

The nickel-copper-platinum deposit at Quill Creek in the Kluane Lake district, was discovered by Mr. Green through his knowledge of geology and mineralization . . . This led to the main discovery by Mr. Green, and was sold by the Yukon Mining Co. to the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Corp.

The actual nickel content of the ore was first ascertained by Ted Chetchum, geologist for Prospectors Airways Ltd., within an hour after a sample had arrived in the Mining Recorder's Office in Whitehorse, by the use of dimethyl glyoxime. The prospecting party was *not* in possession of *dimethyl glyoxime* at the time of discovery.

Whitehorse, Y.T. HARRY WEILAND

Scorns Morning Break

THIS namby-pamby habit of "time off" for morning coffee so prevalent in our business offices, both large and small, is becoming an intolerable drain on our economy.

I am fully aware of the psychological necessity for "keeping the workers happy" in their jobs, but what was once a generous concession made by the employer has become such an accepted practice that it is now regarded by employees as almost a divine right.

It may interest some of your readers to learn the results of an informal survey I conducted in a business office some weeks ago:

Fourteen girls are employed and all, without exception, take advantage of the mid-morning break, being absent from the office—regardless of the amount of work on hand—for periods ranging from 15 to 40 minutes.

When time is added for the putting on and taking off of coats and make-up, gossiping, smoking, and the dozen other little tasks girls seem to regard as essential before and after almost every activity, the daily average of time wasted is in the region of 40 minutes per girl. This does not take into consideration the additional, but less frequent, afternoon break.

Montreal JEAN LEVESQUE

Congratulations

CONGRATULATIONS to James Scott for his thoughtful article, "Professional Culture: A New Career" (Jan. 31 issue). . . . he has struck hard at the heart of the matter . . . I hope it makes the professional culturists draw their pointed heads back into their shells . . .

Toronto G. S. KRANSTON

May I offer my congratulations on SATURDAY NIGHT'S Editorials . . . there has been a wonderful change for the better in the last few issues. "Decisions Are Job of Wise Majority" in the issue of January 31 was exceedingly well done . . . literary, urbane, and a delight to read. Is the name of the Editorial writer a secret, or may I ask his name?

St. John, NB. DR. PAUL ANNOVER

No secret. Editor Gwyn Kinsey is the writer.

"The Meaning of Soviet Anti-Semitism" by Claris Edwin Silcox (Jan. 31 issue) is the best exposé of the subject I have read so far in any English-language newspaper or periodical . . . as an anti-Communist and a Jew . . . congratulations!

Montreal West, Que. DAVID REIS

Misunderstood—In Verse

RECENT articles have inspired the following:

Why these journalistic voices
Rasping at our cities' pride?
Karsh's photographic choices—
Who could take those in his stride?

Now Toronto is lambasted
In the weekly once its own.
Lamb, your eloquence is wasted;
Garner proves that spite is shown.

In the East it would not jar us,
We've been used to slams for years.
"Slow and backward" is the chorus
Ever wafted to our ears.

But Toronto! Why Toronto,
Flawless, cultured, rich and good?
Oh Toronto! Poor Toronto,,
How you are misunderstood!

Saint John, N.B. MARION A. JONES

that déjà look...

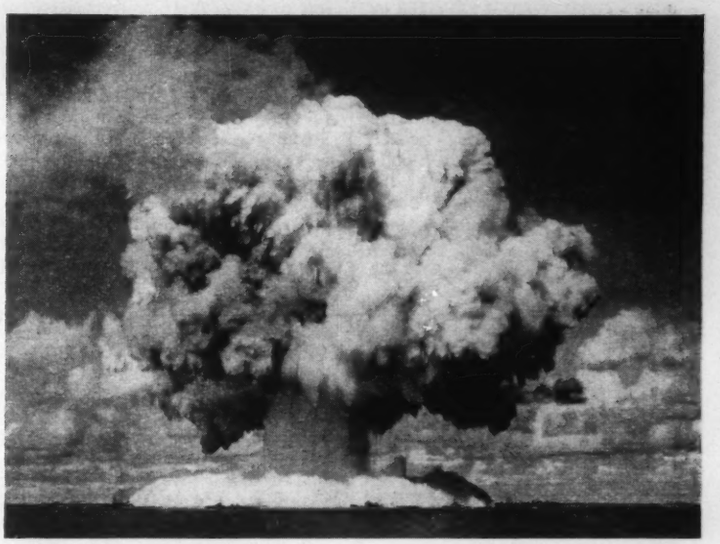
one of soft femininity in black antique shantung . . .

a chiffon drift flowing to one side. Yours on our Fashion Floor, The Third. In Misses Sizes. 49.95

Déjà is exclusive with Simpson's in Toronto and Montreal

Education's Place in a New Age

By BERTRAND RUSSELL



THE ATOM-CLOUD has become a symbol of the power of science. Lord Russell believes "a dictatorship of men of science would very soon become horrible."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE who are not completely frivolous are apt to find in the world of the present day that their impulses of good will are baffled by failure to find any clear course of action which might diminish the perils of the time. I will not pretend that there is any easy or simple answer to their bewilderment, but I do think that a suitable education could make young people feel more capable of understanding the problems and of critically estimating this or that suggested solution.

There are several reasons which make our problems difficult to solve, if not to understand. The first of these is that modern society and modern politics are governed by difficult skills which very few people understand.

The man of science is the modern medicine man. He can perform all kinds of magic. He can say, "Let there be light," and there is light. He can keep you warm in winter, and keep your food cool in summer. He can transport you through the air as quickly as a magic carpet in the Arabian Nights. He promises to exterminate your enemies in a few seconds, and fails you only when you ask him to promise that your enemies will not exterminate you. All this he achieves by means which, if you are not one in a million, are completely mysterious to you. And when mystery-mongers tell you tall stories of future marvels you cannot tell whether to believe them or not.

ANOTHER thing that makes the modern world baffling is that technical developments have made a new social psychology necessary. From the dawn of history until the present century the road to success was victory in competition. We descend from many centuries of progenitors who exterminated their enemies, occupied their lands, and grew rich. In England this process took place in the time of Hengist and Horsa. In the United States it took place during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. We therefore admire a certain sort of character, namely the sort of character that enables you to kill skilfully and without compunction. The milder believers in this creed content themselves with inflicting economic rather than physical death, but the psychology is much the same.

In the modern world, owing to increase of skill, this process is no longer so satisfactory. In a modern war even the victors suffer more than if there had been no war. To the British, who are enduring the results of complete victory in two great wars, this is fairly obvious. What applies in wars, applies also in the economic sphere. The victors in a competition do not grow so rich as both parties could by combination.

The half-unconscious appreciation of these facts produces in intelligent young people an impulse towards general good will, but this impulse is baffled by the mutual hostility of powerful groups. Good will in general —yes; good will in particular—no. A Hindu may love mankind, but must not love a Pakistani; a Jew may believe that men are all one family, but dare not extend this feeling to the Arabs; a Christian may think it his duty to love his neighbor, but only if his neighbor is not a Communist. These conflicts between the general and the particular seem to make it impossible to have any one clear principle in action. This trouble is due to a very general failure to adapt human nature to technique. Our *feelings* are those appropriate to warlike nomads in rather empty regions, but our technique is such as must bring disaster unless our feelings can become more cooperative.

Education, if it is to be adapted to our modern needs, must fit young people to understand the problems raised by this situation. The imparting of knowledge in education has always had two objects: on the one hand, to give skill; and on the other, to give a vaguer thing which we may call wisdom. The part of skill has become very much larger than it used to be and is increasingly threatening to oust the part devoted to wisdom. At the same time it must be admitted that wisdom in our world is impossible except for those who realize the great part played by skill, for it is increase of skill that is the distinctive feature of our world.

DURING the late war, when I dined among the Fellows of my College, I found that those who were scientific were usually absent, but on their rare appearances one got glimpses of mysterious work such as only very few living people could understand. It was the work of men of this sort that was the most decisive in the war. Such men inevitably form a kind of aristocracy, since their skill is rare and must remain rare until by some new method men's congenital aptitudes have been increased. There is for example a great deal of important work which can only be done by those who are good at higher mathematics, and the immense majority of mankind would never become good at higher mathematics, even if all their education were directed to this end. Men are not all equal in congenital capacity, and any system of education which assumes that they are involves a possibly disastrous waste of good material.

BUT although scientific skill is necessary, it is by no means sufficient. A dictatorship of men of science would very soon become horrible. Skill without wisdom may be purely destructive, and would be very likely to prove so. For this reason, if no other, it is of great importance that those who receive a scientific education should not be *merely* scientific, but should have some understanding of that kind of wisdom which, if it can be imparted at all, can only be imparted by the cultural side of education.

Science enables us to know the means to any chosen end, but it does not help us to decide what ends we shall pursue. If you wish to exterminate the human race, it will show you how to do it. If you wish to make the human race so numerous that all are on the very verge of starvation, it will show you how to do that. If you wish to secure adequate prosperity for the whole human race, science will tell you what you must do. But it will not tell you whether one of these ends is more desirable than another. Nor will it give you that instinctive understanding of human beings that is necessary if your measures are not to arouse fierce opposition which only ferocious tyranny can quell. It cannot teach you patience, it cannot teach you sympathy, it cannot teach you a sense of human destiny. These things, in so far as they can be taught in formal education, are most likely to emerge from the learning of history and great literature.

Familiarity with great literature has been one of the nominal aims of education ever since the time of Peisistratus. The Athenians pursued this aim wisely: they learnt Homer by heart, and were therefore able to appreciate their great dramatists in spite of their being contemporary. But modern methods have improved on all this. I was given when I was very young a little book called "A Child's Guide to Literature". In this book the child, guided by some preternatural intelligence, asked about the great English writers in correct chronological sequence beginning, "who was Chaucer?" I regret to say that I never got any further in this little book. If I had, I should have been able to say just the sort of thing that Examiners wish you to say without having read a single word of any of the authors concerned.

I am afraid that the needs of examinations and of an unduly extended syllabus have made this way of studying literature all too common. You may be the better for reading Chaucer, but if you do not read him, knowing his dates and what eminent critics have said about him does you no more good than knowing the dates of some obscure nobody.

THE GOOD that is to be derived from great literature is not derived with any fulness except by those who become so familiar with it that it enters into the texture of their everyday thoughts. I think it is an admirable thing when children at school act a play by Shakespeare. There is then an obvious reason for getting to know it well, and the enterprise is cooperative rather than competitive. I am quite sure that to take part in acting *one* of Shakespeare's good plays is a better way of acquiring what is valuable in a literary education than the hasty reading of the whole lot. In former generations English-speaking people acquired the same sort of training in prose through familiarity with the Authorized Version of the Bible, but since the Bible became unfamiliar

nothing equally excellent has taken its place.

In the teaching of history as opposed to literature a smattering can be of great utility. For those who are not going to be professional historians, the sort of thing that in America is called a survey course can, if it is rightly done, give a valuable sense of the larger process within which things which are near and familiar take place.

Such a course should deal with the history of Man, not with the history of this or that country, least of all one's own. It should begin with the oldest facts known through anthropology and archaeology, and should give a sense of the gradual emergence of those things in human life which give man such a place in our respect as he may deserve. It should not present as the world's heroes those who have slaughtered the greatest number of "enemies", but rather those who have been most notable in adding to the world's capital of knowledge and beauty and wisdom. It should show the strange resurgent power of what is valuable in human life, defeated time and again by savagery and hate and destruction, but nevertheless, at the very first possible opportunity, emerging again like grass in the desert after rain. It should, while youth leaves hopes and desires still plastic, fix those hopes and desires not upon victory over other human beings, but upon victory over those forces which have hitherto filled the life of man with suffering and sorrow—I mean, the forces of nature reluctant to yield her fruits, the forces of militant ignorance, the forces of hate, and the deep slavery to fear which is our heritage from the original helplessness of mankind. All this a survey of history should give and can give. All this, if it enters into the daily texture of men's thoughts, will make them less harsh and less mad.

ONE of the great things that education can and should give is the power of seeing the general in the particular, the power of feeling that this, although it is happening to *me*, is very like what happens to others, what has happened through many ages, and may continue to happen. It is very difficult not to feel that there is something quite special and peculiar about one's own misfortunes, about the injustices that one suffers, and the malevolence of which one is the object, and this applies not only to oneself as an individual but to one's family, one's class, one's nation, and even one's continent. To see such matters with impersonal justice is possible as the result of education, but is scarcely possible otherwise.

All this education can do, all this education should do; very little of it education does do.

•

They Say:

Toronto Globe and Mail: This year we shall celebrate the 24th of May on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th, which is the week ending with the last Monday before May 25.

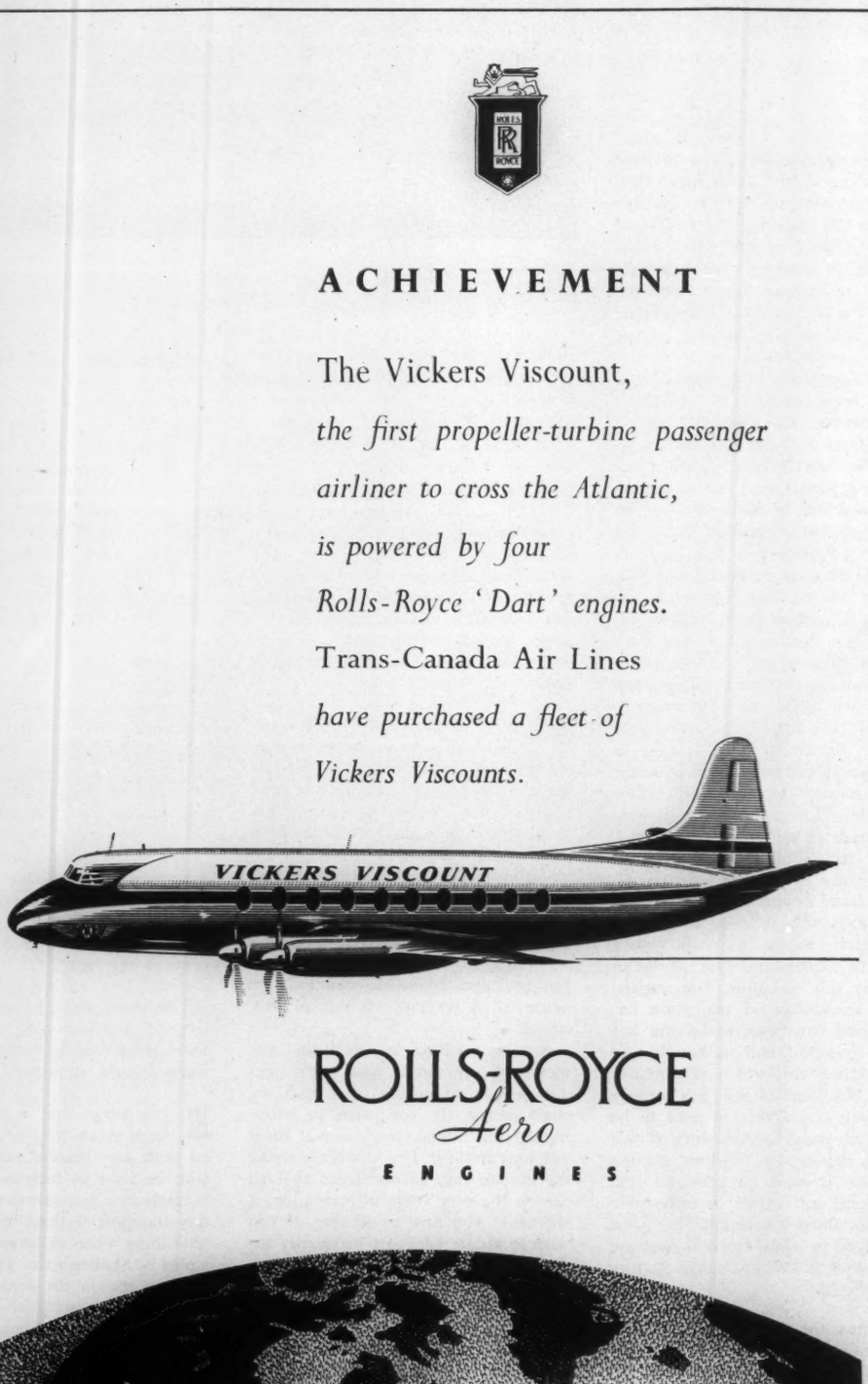
Compared with the old ways we can readily see that this new formula is simplicity itself . . . The only puzzling note is that it will still be called Victoria Day.

On these principles, whereby the week-end takes priority over the national rite, it will be only a matter of time until Ottawa moves the Sabbath away from Sunday, just so our church and religious obligations will not interfere with the long week-end from Friday night to Monday.

Edmonton Journal: Little imagination is needed to picture the resulting public hullabaloo if Trade Minister Howe were to announce that the Government had decided to fix a floor price under certain lines of shoes because the retailers were losing some money on them. But Agriculture Minister Gardiner can get away with that sort of interference with supply and demand.

Why? The answer is easy: Canada has many more farmers than it has shoe-store proprietors.

Temoignages, Paris: In 1768 the word "atom" took four lines in a famous English-language encyclopaedia, when it was originally printed in Edinburgh, and the word "love" had five pages dedicated to it. The latest edition of the same encyclopaedia, now printed in Chicago, gives five pages to "atom" and does not even bother with the word "love"!



The Literary Life

Book Reviewers Brought to Book

AN ENGLISH author recently said in an interview that the only way to treat book critics was to punch them. I have agreed many times with my English friend, and I am sure most authors have, but unfortunately, I very seldom meet book critics, as we move in different social orbits.

Most authors are prevented from even answering the critics, let alone punching them, by two things: there is a phoney taboo against it, and very few authors ever get the opportunity. I am not restrained by either of these barriers, so this week I propose to give a short *critique* of the book critics, or Through The Book Review Pages With Venom-Tipped Pen.

Actually, there is a great difference between literary criticism and book reviewing. Literary criticism covers the whole field of literature in an informative and constructive way, placing a current book in its literary niche the way a piece of a jigsaw puzzle is fitted into the total picture; this literary evaluation is an art, and its practitioners are as much artists (often more so) as the authors of the books they write about. On the other hand, a book reviewer is anybody around an editorial office who can read, and wants some free books with which to fill his bookshelves. This short exposé will deal with the book reviewers rather than the literary critics.

The free books are all the emolument most book reviewers receive, but even so they are grossly overpaid. Most of them get their only reward by seeing their by-line in print, and by being allowed to hover on the periphery of the literary life.

UNDER our laws the criminal is judged by a jury of his peers, but the author and his work may be publicly judged and sentenced by some literary dolt who thinks the Bobbsey Books are the *dernier cri* in English literature. A frustrated would-be writer who is unable to get his own true confession printed in *The War Cry* may become a book critic and vent his spleen on the work of authors who could write him back under his ribbon counter if they wanted to. Unfortunately, book reviewing, like the reviewing of any art, is a quasi-craft in which the amateur is allowed to throw stones at the professional. Apparently the only thing needed is that the reviewer be able to read without moving his lips, and even this attribute is often overlooked by the people who hire him.

Almost everybody wants to criticize books. The otherwise sane person who would shy away from criticizing the ballet, painting, or a theatrical production because he or she knew nothing of dancing, painting or the theatre, has no compunctions whatever about reviewing a book. This may be blamed on compulsory education, which has taught almost every one of us to place the letters of the alphabet together to form words, and even to read some of the words written by others.

BOOK REVIEWERS, as a class, may be divided roughly into both sexes, and further divided into several subsections, the main ones being: retired clergymen, minor poets, women who wear flat heels and tweed suits, bird-life editors, cub reporters, people who drop in off the street, ex-authors of Royal biographies, and office boys.

The universities spawn thousands of eager book reviewers every spring, but most of the reviewing jobs have already been snatched by members of the faculty who want something to read at the cottage or beach. The academic reviews perpetrated by the professors stand out from the mass due to their references to Aeschylus (regarding any writing for or about the stage), their use of the words "imagery" and "lyric" (for poetry), and nonsense such as "causerie" and "syllogism" (for novels and non-fiction). That the professors are no more qualified to review a novel than a novelist is to teach French irregular verbs never seems to occur to editors, who are attracted to academic degrees as a fly is attracted to strawberry jam.

The omniscient book review is a journalistic dodge by which the reader is led to believe that the reviewer has been peeking over the author's shoulder while his book was being written. A University of Manitoba professor used this gimmick when he reviewed a volume of my short stories last year over the CBC. He had been employed at the last minute in place of the regular reviewer, his wife, who was going away on a trip. Amid the scholarly wrist-slapping he threw in my direction was the statement that I "was thinking of Sherwood Anderson when that story was written." This, of course, was just wild guessing on his part, but it served to show the listener two things: that he was a shrewd detective who could ferret out an author's thoughts, and that he had read Sherwood Anderson's short stories, which is more than I can say myself. As a matter of fact, I think of Sherwood Anderson about as often as I think of Sherwin-Williams paint, which is a little less than sometimes.

BESIDES THOSE perpetrated by the would-be writers and the bookish academicians, some of the worst book reviews are written by people who use them merely to display their own erudition. They reluctantly give the title, name of the author, publisher and price of the book under review, then slither off on journalistic tangents lighted by the names of literary greats and the literary fads of the moment. Their copy is liberally endowed with references to Keirkegaard and Kafka and the unknown works of Peruvian novelists. They decry "literary realism" and "the modern approach to the novel", and come out four-square for symbolism and the esoteric whisperings of authors whose hair is only a half-inch shorter than their own.

John Steinbeck in a *Saturday Review* essay called "Critics, Critics, Burning Bright", had this to say about the book reviewers: "Every book of mine has been attacked by a large section of the critical family. I can prove by old notices that the preceding book of mine is compared favorably over the current one, and the one before over the preceding one. If my books, almost without exception, could have been killed by initial criticism . . . they would have been killed, and my work would be largely unknown."

I, FOR ONE, thank God that in the case of Steinbeck the critics did not succeed in smothering his talents, and that their antagonism did not keep me from getting to know *Of Mice And Men, Cannery Row,* and *The Grapes Of Wrath.* Of course, many book reviewers inflate their importance until they think of themselves as the Lord High Executioners of the literary world. Through their antagonism to a book or a writer they often help a writer's sales by panning either him or his books.

Ted Allen, who along with Sydney Gordon, wrote *The Scalpel, The Sword,* recently said that a particularly vicious radio review his book received had increased its sales considerably, selling 1,500 copies in the week following the review. The same thing has been true in hundreds of cases, but nothing daunts the critics who belong to the "we're agin everything" school.

As in the judging of brandy and cheese the literary "adjudicators" (and I'll bet they are the ones who invented a word like that) stick to the opinion that the older the product the better it is. For some of them, good writing stopped with Dickens and Thackeray, while with others it began and ended with Bertha M. Clay. The half-educated ones work

EUROPE
in 1953
ASK FOR
INFORMATIVE NEW FOLDER
"Independent Travel"
UNIVERSITY TRAVEL CLUB
57 BLOOR ST. W., TORONTO, KI. 6984
Management: J. F. & G. H. Lucas

Coronation
and Spring
Mediterranean Cruise
in the 24,400-ton
S. S. NASSAU
from New York May 2—
46 days, from $895
—including shore excursions.
• THE MEDITERRANEAN
Madeira, Casablanca, Cadiz, Malaga, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Monte Carlo, Lisbon.
• SHIP YOUR HOTEL IN LONDON
during 4-day coronation festivities
• FOUR DAYS IN PARIS
including rail trip from Le Havre, hotel, sightseeing. Brochure from your travel agent or
INCRES NASSAU LINE
HOME LINES, 42 Broadway
THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL, INC.
47 East 47th St., New York, N. Y.

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
W. M. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith
'Quality Tells'
VAT 69
Finest
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND

THE TRADE FAIR IS A "buyer's PARADISE"

"I've done business at the Trade Fair which otherwise would have been impossible. My prime interest was jewellery, but there seemed to be almost everything on display...a buyer's paradise."

CANADIAN JEWELLERY BUYER

Already Exhibitor bookings for the 1953 Trade Fair are large. Plan now to attend! There is no easier or more economical way for *you* to see a world of new merchandise and make new, valuable contacts.

There were 1,272 Exhibitors from 29 countries at the 1952 Trade Fair—of whom many were Canadian. Merchandise ranged from precious stones to the most modern construction equipment, affording buyers the greatest opportunity yet offered by any previous Canadian International Trade Fair.

Write for information *now* to The Administrator, Canadian International Trade Fair, Exhibition Park, Toronto 2-B, Ontario.

NOW IN ITS ***SIXTH*** *CONSECUTIVE YEAR*

CANADIAN International TRADE FAIR

TORONTO JUNE 1-12 1953

OPERATED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA TO PROMOTE YOUR BUSINESS

on the theory that Oedipus was invented by Shakespeare, and that sex was stamped out by Queen Victoria. The lady reviewers long to return to the halcyon days of the Bronte sisters, when love and literature were pure, and only the writers were vile.

THERE IS an old and true saying that no reader should ever know an author, and to this could be added the admonition that no author should ever cultivate the critics. The writer who runs into a book critic in his favorite bar is bound to suffer from the *contretemps* with his next book. If the critic takes a dislike to him he will also dislike his books; the critic who likes him will treat his future work with friendly condescension. Authors and critics should only meet in the uneven combat of the book editor's page.

Not content with being the arbiters of what is good and bad in the written word, some reviewers also want to make authors into pale reflections of themselves, in the manner of a childless uncle or aunt. To an author, being told what to write is bad enough, but being told *how* to write it, by an amateur bibliophile, is too much. Recently, a Toronto book editor went even further and scolded Canadian writers for not looking the part. He advocated the cultivation of beards, the wearing of flowing capes, or the attainment of other habits of dress and behavior, so that writers would stand out from the plebeian mob.

Among Canadian writers, Robertson Davies, Lister Sinclair and, I am told, Farley Mowat, wear beards, while, for all I know, other writers may sport flowing capes. However, I am sure that the authors mentioned will agree with me when I say that their beards neither helped nor hindered their writing. The art of writing begins when the pencil is placed on the paper and ends when it is lifted up. A writer may wear a cape or a Bikini bathing suit, be a wife-beater, extortionist, or practice the trombone, but his writing reputation should rely solely on what he writes, not on how he dresses or shaves.

IF I WERE ever asked to give advice to beginning writers, among the things I would tell them would be: if you want to be known as brilliant and profound, write so the book critics can't understand you; write about places they've never been to; and write about people they'll never meet. You won't have many readers, but the critics will love you and their reviews will be good. To paraphrase an old slogan: Be kind to your critics, and they'll be kind to you.

But who wants kindness?

HUGH GARNER

•

Manchester's regional hospital board met on orders of the Ministry of Health to discuss how it could cut its staff and save money. After a lengthy study it submitted its report, asking authority to employ two additional men. They're needed, the board said, to study how the staff could be reduced.—*Reuters despatch from Manchester, England.*

And so on and so on.

The Passing Show

Prefabricated Society Crime

TO ANYBODY who in the course of newspaper duty has covered New York's Night Court, the furore over the trial of an oily oleo-margarine heir on charges of compulsory prostitution, is a prefabricated show—cafe society crime.

Cafe society is that gilded stratum of society that kills time with a boomerang. They subsist on cocktails, sleeping pills and scandal, with by-products of blackmail and brawls.

A General Sessions judge presiding at this trial made a paradoxical ruling that while press and public must be excluded, reporters could glean all the considered tidbits and trifles dropped by defense and prosecuting attorneys and print these salacious morsels without risk of contempt.

So a meretricious young woman with prismatic hair, as a State's witness, was allowed to name patrons of the all-night arts, who follow their constitutional privilege of the pursuit of happiness without themselves being pursued save by private eyes and wire-tapping cops.

Up in mid-Manhattan each night young women in the lower brackets of the profession acknowledged by the star witness, Pat Ward, are hauled before magistrates under a glare of pitiless publicity, fined, imprisoned and consigned to compulsory Wasserman tests and antibiotics without shielding of personal or family identity. Sometimes they are subject to elementary justice, as when a robust cadi named Finegan, an alumnus of Tammany Hall, would roughly dispose of assorted mesdames and mesdamoiselles, not by degrees of sin but by sizes, barking penalties wholesale: "Twenty dollar fines for the big dames, ten dollars for the little dames." That, at least, was peripheral justice.

HOWEVER there have been times when the arbiter himself has suffered public rebuke, as in a Bronx underworld court where a breezy and bedecked madame underwent a stern lecture regarding her dented if profitable morals, which she cut short by blurting: "Cut out the sermon and plaster the fine. You know you've been one of my best customers!"

These periodic eruptions of civic virtue provide passing sensation, but little else. Four years ago there was a similar puritanical storm. While burglars were busy with their burgling and law-abiding citizens were discovering, in an epidemic of muggings, that about the safest place for visitors to Central Park was in cages at the Zoo, strapping cops were tapping telephone wires to ensnare versatile ladies who were part-time housewives and overtime entertainers. New York State permits telephone-tapping as evidence, U.S. Courts do not. On this dubious evidence produced by police without independent corroboration, several so-called $100 a night hostesses were convicted, one of these the wife of a ranking diplomat. Police activity in the sphere of illicit romance was soft-pedalled thereafter, for a while.

This latest exposure involving young men exploiting young women is particularly malodorous because decent people—even the indecent—are revolted when men profit by prostitution. Merrie Old England makes the paths of pimps and procurers not so merry by occasional corporal punishment. In New York State, when they're convicted, sentence is relatively light compared, for example, to the prolonged withdrawal from circulation of relatively wholesome felons like safe-crackers and stick-up men.

SORDID environs and denizens of the Night Courts, while a lower league of the same game of larcenous lechery played in the cafe society courts, point up the same social dilemma: cops may come and cops may go, but vice continues its corrupting way, to be sporadically checked but never choked by police. Gypping bondsmen and shyster lawyers prey on wayward ladies no less than the captains of their fragile conscience, while in the higher echelons of the oldest profession, their mouthpieces wear spats and carry canes, but are just as zealously on the make.

Displaying his ethical standards and also his ignorance, a Roumanian munitions maker, admittedly an acquaintance of the State's first witness at the New York vice trial, declared cynically: "As far as I know nothing has been invented to replace sex for an unmarried man." Testimony, as supported by police and "entertainers", says married men comprise the chief customers (who in Canada are quaintly called "found-ins") of the biological racket. In New York, incidentally, "found-ins" escape both publicity and penalty.

The obvious moral to this unmoral melange of gilded crime is as true in modern Manhattan or anywhere today as it was in ancient Babylon: the primrose path is always lined with far more fools than flowers.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

•

Her elasticized strapless tops, which have beautiful, arching bra drapery and are boned, glide down the body to the hips, where horizontal inverted folds across the front or back or both, are released at the sides.—*Fashion note in The New Yorker.*

With or without warning?

Feel famous* in a GRENFELL

★ Originally produced for Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, Grenfell Cloth has been chosen by the world's greatest explorers and most famous sportsmen ever since. It combines lightness and comfort with excellent climatic protection.

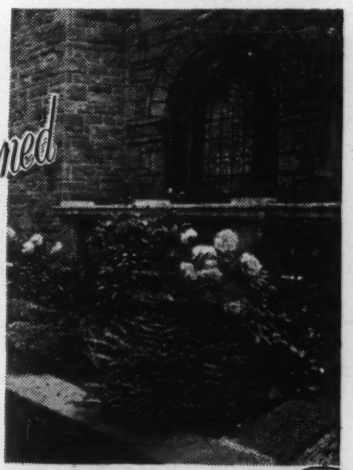
RAINCOATS · GOLF JACKETS · SPORTSWEAR

If your local retailer does not stock Grenfell garments write to

DEACON BROTHERS LTD., BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

GRENFELL CLOTH

Modern Air-Conditioned Chapel



FRED. W. MATTHEWS CO. LTD.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
665-9 SPADINA AVE. (NEAR BLOOR ST.)
KINGSDALE 2101-2102

Send for your FREE copy today

Our BIG 1953 SEED and NURSERY BOOK *Best Ever!*

148 Illustrated Pages 20 pages in full color

● Presented by Canada's largest mail order seed and nursery house. You will enjoy this friendly and informative book, cover to cover. It describes nearly 2000 subjects for your garden including many new and special items like Hybrid Tomatoes, Hybrid Cucumbers, Hybrid Onions, Blue Leaf Arctic Hedge, Rosa Multiflora seed and plants, Multiflowered Sweet Peas, Astolat Pink Series Delphiniums, Dwarf Fruits, 6-in-1 Multiple Apples, new Soil Conditioners, Midget Vegetables for small gardens, and all the best in other vegetables, flower and houseplant seeds, plants, bulbs and supplies to make your 1953 garden the finest you have ever had. Send today.

24W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

The Past is in our Future

The high quality you enjoy in "Black & White" is achieved by patient years of maturing selected Scotch whiskies and blending them in the special "Black & White" way. Steadily increasing demand for this fine Scotch is the measure of its excellence — and its popularity.

BUCHANAN'S

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to the late King George VI

Scotch Whisky Distillers James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS SIZES

B-312

Music

"A Synthesis of All the Arts"

GOING the rounds at the moment there is a short film, made in Italy, of the Dance of the Hours, from Ponchielli's opera *La Gioconda*. I hope Mary Lowrey Ross will forgive the territorial infringement if I say that I think that this film is a piece of preposterous nonsense that ought never to have been made.

In the first place, the Dance of the Hours is hackneyed as a piece of music; in other words, it has been played sufficiently often so that its charms have become raddled, and we see through its illusions. It is sometimes said that when this happens it is not the fault of the music, but rather the fault of our taste, which, in such matters, is like that of the schoolboy who calls for ice-cream till he makes himself sick. But I do not think the analogy holds. There is some music which is played over and over again, and yet is never hackneyed—at least not to my ear. Mozart's Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, or Bach's Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring: age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety.

THE Dance of the Hours, on the other hand, appears in a form which can only be described as ready hackneyed. After hearing it once, you seem to have been hearing it all your life; and not under happy circumstances, either. But it holds its place in the repertory like a limpet, and for no other reason than that it is associated with a ballet.

The art of the ballet has kept alive more tenth rate music than any other of the associated arts. No one would tolerate the coy insipidities of the Dance of the Hours if it were not associated with a ballet; which in this film is as coy and insipid as the music to which it is constructed. Its only interest is that the performers are rather more heavily developed and rather more lightly clad than the average ballet dancers. The only really satisfactory performance of the Dance of the Hours, as far as I am concerned, was Walt Disney's arrangement for ostriches, crocodiles and hippopotamuses.

BUT THIS FILM has set me to thinking again about ballet-music, for it is something which preys on my mind every time I go to the ballet. The settings, costumes, and make-up that we ordinarily expect of the ballet are far better than the corresponding departments in opera, drama or even the film, all of which have become obsessed over the years with the kind of stolid realism that annihilates reality because it annihilates imagination. Dr. Johnson's remark is specially true in the arts: "Were it not for imagination, Sir, a man would be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as of a Duchess."

The performers, too, have mastered their art much more than the average performers in the sister arts. Even the simplest operations in ballet require a course of training and an apparatus of mental and physical discipline that is rarely needed in the drama and still more rarely found. And opera singers, who are required to master two arts, that of singing and that of acting, sometimes achieve the singing. As for the rest, it is as Hamlet says: "Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin."

LOVERS of the ballet are not surprised at the superiority of their art; for, they tell us, it is a synthesis of all the arts that move in time (except that of poetry). It is, they say, a perfect blend of the best in all these arts. I cannot see that this claim is justified. Ballet is certainly a brilliant and exciting, and may occasionally be a noble and tremendous, spectacle, to say nothing of a comic one; but there is no ballet that can be mentioned in the same breath as the St. Matthew Passion, or the Tragedy of King Lear.

Nor is it strictly true that the various component arts are represented in their highest forms. A painting by Cezanne is a finer thing for the eye than the finest composition on the stage; and even those artists, celebrated in other fields, who have designed sets and costumes for the ballet, do not as a rule consider such things their most sublime and successful efforts. They are striking and marvellous only in their context; which in this case means a comparison only with the garishness of most operatic sets or the commonplaces of most dramatic ones.

And the music is also resolutely second-rate, at best. Certainly ballets have been composed to first-rate music. I have seen a ballet to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and every minute of it I wished chairs could be brought for the company so that they could stop fidgeting about and listen to the music with their eyes shut, as I was doing. I am instructed by people who know much more about ballet than I do that (so far, at least) no really great ballet has been designed in either the classical or the old romantic tradition to really great music: Bach, Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, for example.

I SAY nothing of modern ballet, which seems to me a much more promising kind of thing. Even so, there are certainly many people who say that as a writer of ballet music Tchaikowsky is far greater than Stravinsky, no matter how the relevant compositions may compare on other

Professional
Organist
and Pianist
now available
to play at
any private
or public parties
or gatherings

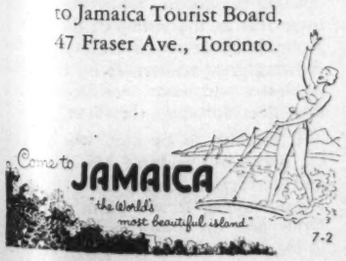
Colin Corbett

RU 1-1364

Cast off your overcoat and muffler—come to Jamaica, romantic isle in the Caribbean where the temperature hovers around 78° all through the year.

In this land of tropical splendour, you'll bask under a warm sun in a pleasant holiday atmosphere. Here too, thrill to Jamaica's special vacation sports—swim, fish, golf or just relax on the soft, sand beaches. Tour exotic beauty spots, explore primitive native villages, enjoy the luxurious resort facilities of modern hotels. And remember—*rates which include meals and entertainment are lower than on the mainland.*

Plan now for the ideal holiday—vacation in Jamaica. For further details, see your travel agent, any airline or shipping office, or write to Jamaica Tourist Board, 47 Fraser Ave., Toronto.



7-2

grounds. Tchaikowsky, indeed, is the very model of a writer of ballet music; superbly competent in orchestration, endlessly gifted with a flow of melody, and always careful (in ballet music) to make the organization so simple and straightforward that the choreographer finds himself burdened as little as possible with the demands of a complicated musical structure.

BUT THIS IS exactly second-rate music; for music, of all the arts, has attained such perfection in its highest flights that to say a piece of music is second-rate is by no means to say that it is bad. It is only to deny it those special qualities of passion, intensity and design which we now regard as characteristic of first-rate music; the late quartets of Beethoven, for example. I do not believe a successful ballet has yet been made to one of these compositions; and I do not believe it ever will be.

This is not because such music is not essentially dance music; it depends on what you think of dancing. Johann Strauss would have been much surprised if any one had proposed The Rite of Spring as a piece of dance music. It is not because such music cannot be made the rhythmic frame of a dance. It is because, being itself a complete expression, attempts to express it further result in tiresome redundancies.

THUS it is that the ballet, while being a synthesis of the arts, does not represent each individual art at its best, for each is then complete in itself. Similarly, if purple is the finest color, and the face is the finest part of the body, to have a purple face may not be the best thing in the world.

All the same, we should not be asked as a rule to listen to ballet music without the rest of the show; and in the case of the Dance of the Hours we should not be asked to listen to it at all.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

A resolution calling for restored civil liberties for members of the Socialist Workers party, a Trotskyite organization, was decisively rejected yesterday by 800 delegates to a Bill of Rights Conference at the Henry Hudson Hotel. . . It originally read: "We call upon the President to grant pardons and restore the civil liberties of the eighteen members of the Socialist Workers party convicted under the Smith Act for the advocacy of its political program." . . .

In speaking for denial of civil liberties to the Socialist Workers party, Mr. [Paul] Robeson asked the conference, "Would you give civil rights to the Ku Klux Klan?"

"No," chorused the delegates.

"These men are the allies of fascism who want to destroy the new democracies of the world," the singer shouted: "Let's not get confused. They are enemies of the working class."—*The New York Times.*

Let's have no deviationism, please.

This beautiful Sheraton designed set may be had in either mahogany or walnut. Table is of drop-leaf type, with hand-carved legs and English brass drawer-pull. The tub chair is constructed with the usual superb Rawlinson craftsmanship, lavishly hand-carved, and upholstered to your own individual taste.

LIONEL RAWLINSON LIMITED

Designers and Makers of Fine Furniture

647-649 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Est. 1883

New Illustrated

CATALOGUE

for 1953 now ready

a 64 page book with descriptions and prices of hundreds of varieties

EVERGREENS for Foundation Planting and Lawn specimens
SHRUBS for display of bloom and coloured foliage
SHADE TREES DWARF TREES VINES
HEDGE PLANTS with distance apart to plant
PERENNIALS new varieties and old favourites
ALPINES for the Rock Garden
ROSES new varieties including the 1953 All America Winner Ma Perkins and a long list of popular varieties.

Send for your copy. Free on request

A LANDSCAPE SERVICE

THE SHERIDAN NURSERIES LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: 4 St. Thomas St., Toronto 5

NURSERIES: Sheridan, Ontario

go to

EUROPE

with

your car

in your pocket!

Wander off the beaten track in Europe—visit out-of the-way places most people miss *in your own Hillman Minx!* You stop being a slave to schedules and save money besides when you join the Rootes Overseas Plan. Here's how it works!

1. *You order a Hillman Minx here, pay for it at the favorable dollar price.*
2. *Your Hillman is delivered to you punctually, almost any place in Europe.*
3. *Enjoy your Hillman over here, too—it can be shipped back home without extra cost when your trip is done.*

If, when you return home, you wish to turn in your Hillman—or buy a new Hillman you can do so at the current trade-in rates, depending on the condition of your car at the time.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

or write Rootes Motors (Canada) Limited for full details on

ROOTES OVERSEAS DELIVERY PLAN and

ROOTES GUARANTEED REPURCHASE PLAN

HILLMAN *Minx*

ROOTES MOTORS (CANADA) LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE
2019 EGLINTON AVE. EAST
TORONTO, ONT.

EASTERN BRANCH
25 ST. JAMES ST., Ville St. Pierre
MONTREAL, P.Q.

WESTERN BRANCH
2135 WEST BROADWAY
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Ottawa Letter

Finance Minister Forgets His Gloom

WHEN Lloyd-George in April, 1909, introduced the famous British budget which laid the foundations for the present British welfare state, he described it as "The People's Budget," and employed all the wealth of his Celtic eloquence to depict the manifold blessings which it would bring to the plain folk. Mr. Abbott, our Minister of Finance, does not belong to the same breed of political cats as the fiery Welsh radical. He is a warmhearted man of genial temperament, who would like to see chicken in the pot on Sunday in every Canadian household and the whole world happy.

But his outlook upon social and economic problems is fundamentally conservative and he would never cast himself for the role of a person who had a magic wand for redressing all the evils and injustices of the world. His firm conviction is that the best method of ensuring a wide diffusion of well-being for the whole Canadian people is to encourage the industrial and business interests of the country to enlarge their activities, improve their efficiency and accumulate reserves for both these purposes.

He feels that such encouragement, if it proves fruitful, will by producing higher earnings and steadier employment for the workers, be more profitable for them in the long run than the reductions of taxation which they would like.

SO MR. ABBOTT'S Budget bears some of the earmarks of this economic philosophy, but it has even more imprints of the Government's realization that, if it is to win the coming election, it must placate a large number of critical voters. The fear of their wrath has impelled Mr. Abbott to forget all about the gloomy warnings, which he and Mr. St. Laurent and other Ministers not so long ago were giving the public, that in view of the urgent claims of the program of defence they must not expect any real easement of taxation. Now they have suddenly discovered that they can offer relief to the substantial amount of $237 million per annum and still have a small surplus.

Mr. Abbott, however, has gambled upon an expansion in 1953 of Canadian productivity, which will raise the yield of his revenues; and a poor harvest in the prairie country might upset all his calculations. Meanwhile, cuts in a wide range of different forms of taxation will earn the applause of owners of newspapers and magazines, smokers, invalids, buyers of books and others and the removal of a number of nuisance taxes will win general approval. But the Budget will do nothing to silence such critics as maintain that, if the Government had not been shamelessly wasteful and extravagant in its administrative practices it could have kept taxation much lower during the past three years.

On this point a Liberal paper like the *Winnipeg Free Press* is emphatic, and it is asking the Government why the television stations erected by the CBC in Montreal and Toronto have cost $3 million and a new and powerful television station erected in the United States at Bellingham, just across the border from Vancouver, cost only $80,000. The continuing stream of evidence about such extravagances will prevent much enthusiasm about the latest reductions in taxation.

Mr. Abbott also has to answer the charge, which the Canadian Congress of Labor lost no time in making, that the Budget will give much greater relief of taxation to the more prosperous classes than to the 75 per cent of the wage earning heads of families in Canada, who, according to a recent bulletin of the Bureau of Statistics, earn not more than $3,000 per annum and whose tax burden, if they have two children, will be reduced only $5. The CCL is also indignant that a Government which says that it cannot afford to start a system of health insurance, to which it is pledged, or give anything but a meagre contribution for the assistance of backward countries, has funds to spare for handing out tax relief to corporations to the amount of $97 million per annum.

May Cost Some Votes

IF THE CHARGE that the Budget favors the rich unduly can be pressed home successfully in the coming election, the Budget may well lose more votes for the Liberal party than it will gain. The strategists of the Progressive-Conservative party foresee this possibility and are determined not to let the CCF and the Social Crediters monopolize the cause of the underdogs, who are disappointed over their trivial relief from taxes. So their chief financial critic, J. M. Macdonnell, in opening the debate, took virtually the same line as the writer of the CCL's protest and arraigned Mr. Abbott for showing great tenderness for the richer classes and scant consideration for their less fortunate brethren.

It remains to be seen whether all his party will endorse Mr. Macdonnell's criticisms and, if their approval is unanimous, it will mean that Mr. Drew and his followers have moved to the left of the Liberal party, at least

in regard to policy about taxation. But it is a move which will not please the heavier contributors to the party's campaign fund and many of the latter may become disposed to transfer their political largesse to the Liberal party.

So the Budget brings into high relief one of the fundamental difficulties facing the Progressive-Conservative party as long as it cannot tap effectively for the capture of seats the great basic reservoir of conservative sentiment which exists in French Canada. To attract in the English-speaking areas of Canada the votes needed to provide a parliamentary majority at Ottawa, the Progressive-Conservative party is driven to endorse policies which will appeal to non-Conservative voters, and such departures from traditional moorings are bound to drive not a few firm Conservatives into the Liberal camp.

Deals in Beef

A DARK cloud of silence hangs over the multilateral bargain about beef concluded last spring between the governments of Canada, Britain, the United States and New Zealand. When the embargo imposed by the United States after the outbreak of foot and mouth disease in Saskatchewan faced our livestock interests with a real calamity through the loss of their best export market, the resulting outcry about government negligence being responsible for it caused Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Howe to hunt for some plan of appeasement, which would avert a loss of rural votes at the general election. Eventually, after much travail, they secured the acquiescence of the three other governments in a transaction through which Britain agreed to accept large shipments of Canadian beef in place of the supplies which New Zealand had contracted to send, and the latter were diverted to the United States to replace the shipments of Canadian beef which would normally have crossed the border.

Naturally, the British were unwilling to pay any more for our beef than the much lower price asked for New Zealand's beef, and our Government had to fork out to our producers of livestock the price then ruling in Canada. It had undertaken to shoulder any losses resulting from the bargain and it had hoped to get an even break by securing a good profit on the beef shipped to the United States from New Zealand.

But apparently the Americans do not want or do not like New Zealand's beef and the market for it in the United States has turned so sour that such consignments as have been shipped have had to be sold at bargain counter prices. Consequently, our Treasury will get no profits from this part of the deal and the Canadian taxpayer will have to foot a nice heavy bill for the Government's ingenious plan to keep the goodwill of the producers of livestock.

The real beneficiaries of the transaction have been the British, who got beef of a better quality than New Zealand's for the same price, and to this extent it can be counted a contribution in aid of Britain. But our Government might have earned more goodwill at home, if it had seen fit to let Canadian housewives reap some benefit from the glut of beef produced by the American embargo.

Choice for Pearson

RUMORS are rife in Ottawa that Mr. Pearson, the Minister of External Affairs, will soon be offered and will accept the post of Secretary-General of the United Nations Organization. At any rate, the report that the Russians, who cannot hope for much enthusiasm among the other members of UN for either of their own two pet candidates, regard Mr. Pearson as the least objectionable of the political agents of what they call "cannibalistic capitalism," makes his chances of an offer of the post (which carries a salary of $60,000 per annum with a fat pension on retirement from it) seem good.

The temptation of a post which both promises freedom from financial care and offers a unique opportunity for constructive work on a high plane for solving the problems of this distracted world will be hard to resist, even if it means the abandonment of Mr. Pearson's quite legitimate aspirations to succeed Mr. St. Laurent as leader of the Liberal party and become some day Prime Minister of Canada.

Mr. Pearson's qualifications for the post, which include a complete familiarity with the workings of UN, a genuine zeal for the establishment of a stable international order, the attractive personality of a "good mixer" and a considerable flair for conciliatory negotiations, are not negligible. His departure from Ottawa would be a serious loss to the Liberal party, but some of his competitors for its future leadership will not press him hard to stay.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

•

DEAR MISS DIX: Has the day passed when a girl is expected to be virtuous? It seems to me that it has . . . You said in one of your recent letters that the happiest people were those who led clean lives. I am not happy, because every time I find a boy that I like real well I am put aside as soon as he finds out that I am straight, and he gets a girl who is not so particular. I have been tempted many times to give in because I hated to lose the boy.

ANSWER: Look at this matter straight, my child, and try to get the right sense of values . . . Do you think that sort of man is worth having? . . . Don't you think a girl sells out for a pitiably small price who barters her purity for a few dates, a few movie tickets, a few dinners and dances? If you are going to tread the primrose path, at least value yourself enough to do it with a partner who can strew it with jewels and limousines.—Chicago *Sun-Times*.

It's a question of price, my dear.

Not even approached in quality...

It's not just one thing in Craven 'A' that we enjoy – but everything. We love its captivating fragrance – its delicious mildness – the deep rich satisfaction of Craven 'A', cool to the tongue and kind to the throat . . . made from the world's costliest tobaccos.

The largest selling cork-tip cigarette in the world

Craven 'A'

will not affect the throat

CRAVEN PLAIN
without cork tip –
same fine quality as Craven 'A'

Clarkson, Gordon & Co.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

—

Toronto · Montreal · Hamilton · London
Winnipeg · Regina · Calgary · Vancouver

It's a MAN'S work...

for a man's beer!

If you suspect that other beers are brewed with the weaker sex in mind, switch to Labatt's India Pale Ale . . . plenty of old-time flavour, hearty, zestful and satisfying. It's a welcome change from weaker-tasting, less satisfying beers. I.P.A. is a real *man's* drink. Order Labatt's* *next* time. Ask for I.P.A.! John Labatt Limited.

**The swing is definitely to*

LABATT'S

AMONG THE MISSING!

the valuable clothing and belongings you didn't mark with

Cash's WOVEN NAMES

Mark everything, and avoid losses. Permanent. Attach with a few stitches, or use No-So Cement. From your dealer, or

Cash's — Belleville 18, Ontario

CASH'S NAMES	13 doz. $1.80; 16 doz. $2.40	9 doz. $3.00; 12 doz. $3.50	NO-SO CEMENT per tube 25c.

Books

Boadicea's Great-Granddaughter

TWO ITEMS of news which appeared in a single week in February shed a faint but interesting light on the group of books which are at hand for consideration today. The first dispatch, from Basutoland, tells us that nine men and two women have been condemned to death because they committed a ritual murder upon their chieftain, in order that his death might improve the growth of their crops. The second dispatch, from England, tells us that Harriet Bowers, the gypsy queen, is dead and that her body was ceremonially burned in her caravan, and that her horses were ritually slaughtered nearby. What have these things to do with five books inspired by the forthcoming Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II? They are direct and primitive evidence of the belief in the divinity and magical powers of royalty—a belief which is more widespread and powerful than is generally supposed.

If it were not so, why are many people travelling from the ends of the earth in the hope of seeing a newly-crowned Queen? Don't say it is the spectacle; Hollywood can give us bigger spectacles for the price of a movie ticket. Don't say it is the beauty or charm of the young Queen; Hollywood can offer beauty as the packers offer meat, by weight. No, the British peoples are seeking their sovereign as the Basuto tribesmen sought their chief, and as the gypsies flocked to the funeral pyre of Harriet Bowers — because an occasion of deeply magical importance is at hand. Some readers will wish to interject that the Coronation is a religious ceremony: anthropologists tell us that kingship and magic were in active alliance before anything which we should now care to call religion was evolved.

The Divine Right of Kings was not an imposture invented to excuse tyranny, though it sometimes served that end. It was an inheritance from that long, dark past of mankind, when the King was also the Divine Sacrifice, called upon to die for his people at a fixed time. In spite of Oliver Cromwell the concept is far from dead. For are not our sovereigns sacrifices to certain cherished notions of ours, and are they not condemned, totem-like, to embody concepts which we hold dear? What have today's books to say about it?

THE FIRST, AND BEST is a history of the coronation ceremony by the librarian of Westminster Abbey, Lawrence E. Tanner. It is a handsome, richly illustrated, authoritative book, and it makes clear many details which other works on the subject leave in obscurity. The coronation ceremony is simple in outline, but it has become encrusted with a mass of interesting but confusing detail; Mr. Tanner makes all clear.

A particularly pleasant aspect of this book is that it includes, inside its front cover, a facsimile of the London *Sun* of Thursday, June 28, 1838, devoted to a description of the coronation of Queen Victoria. Pages one and four are printed in gold ink, and the sole illustration is a four-column steel engraving of the young Queen's head. The present writer has been able to compare this facsimile with an original *Sun* of that date, and it is a beautiful piece of reproduction, the work of the firm of William Clowes and Sons, Ltd., who printed the original.

Mr. Tanner's book is a bargain at a price which is asked for many a novel.

FROM THIS EXPLANATION of the elaborate ritual of the coronation—a ritual which sets the sovereign forever apart from her people—we turn to a work which is designed to emphasize the similarity between the Queen and Everywoman. It is *The Young Queen,* and to its composition Mr. Godfrey Winn has brought a breathless, pretty style, a mastery of the superficial and sentimental, and an awesome grasp of the obvious. Anyone who thinks that the ineffable "Crawfie" cannot be surpassed in imparting to royalty the endearing young charms of Winnie-the-Pooh should consider Mr. Winn's claims, which are formidable.

Yet this, too, is part of the magic of royalty. Millions of people yearn to identify themselves with the sovereign, and they do so upon many levels. Mr. Winn's book will confirm at least as many people in a lifelong royalism as it will drive to republican excesses.

MR. WINN SUCCEEDS in divorcing royalty from any possible form of aristocracy—if we take aristocracy to imply distinction of mind and taste, and a courageous and determined individuality of thought and action. But a truly aristocratic story is told by Dennis Holman in his life of Countess Mountbatten of Burma, called *Lady Louis.*

The Countess is one of the great women of our day, and she is in the finest aristocratic tradition in that she has combined a life of duty, courage and great achievement with a surprising amount of levity, informality and feminine charm. She is what a Queen would be if Queens were not watched over by jealous governments, fearful of a too-determined monarch, and if Queens did not have to accommodate themselves to the cosy ideals of Mr. Godfrey Winn and the millions for whom he speaks. Mr. Holman has told this great lady's great story with a pleasant combination of verse and discretion.

For the sake of completeness let us mention again Richard Doyle's good, workmanlike book on the Kings of England called *The Royal Story*; it comes bound in paper and in boards, and is good value either way. Nor should we forget *Music of Britain,* in which Dr. Willie Reed has gathered eighteen English compositions of remarkably varied merit, ranging from pieces by Byrd, Purcell and Handel to a dull bit of musical rumination by Paul Petrocokino, and a song called *Building Britain* by Mr. Reed himself; he remains an admirable violinist. Incidentally, Mr. Reed's birth-date in this book is given as 1910; as he was concert-master of the Three Choirs Festival in 1912 this makes him a musical prodigy far ahead of Mozart. His selection, though uneven, is pleasing on the whole, and the book is nicely illustrated with photographs of scenes in Britain.

ON THE CORONATION, when we have stripped it of factitious elements, when we have worked through all the pompous generalities about the Crown as a symbol under which a completely free people, etc., and when we have looked behind its religious character, remains a profoundly magical and evocative ceremony. How else are we to account for the greatly differing, yet powerful appeals it makes to greatly differing people? Yet no book has been written, nor will a book be written before June the second, discussing this element in the great occasion. The Coronation is an anthropological survival of the highest significance, and it still awaits its Fraser or its Margaret Murray.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE HISTORY OF THE CORONATION — by Lawrence E. Tanner, MVO, VPSA,—pp. 96, richly illustrated and with "Sun" enclosed —*Ambassador*—$4.00.

THE YOUNG QUEEN — by Godfrey Winn — pp. 112 and illustrated—*Ryerson*—$3.25.

LADY LOUIS—by Dennis Holman—pp. 185 and index—illustrated—*Ryerson*—$4.50.

THE ROYAL STORY — by Richard J. Doyle — pp. 319—*McGraw-Hill*—$2.50.

MUSIC OF BRITAIN—edited by Will Reed—pp. 86 and illustrated — *Copp Clark* — $3.00.

In Brief

THE RAILWAY BOOK—edited by Stuart Legg —pp. 248, notes and index—*Clarke, Irwin* —$3.00.

AS A YOUNG LADY remarked to the writer recently, while poring over a volume of Havelock Ellis, "There's nothing so queer that somebody doesn't like it". Here is a book about railways, not as mechanical gadgets which pretend to be on time and aren't, and threaten strikes if their keepers are not given more money for less work, but as objects upon which love and interest may be lavished. And the odd thing is that it is a very good book, an anthology of interesting observations which people have made about railways, and the curious passions which railways have aroused.

It is by no means a merely "quaint"

BUY YOUR NEW BOOKS
FROM
BURNILL'S
BOOKSHOP
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Mail Orders over $5.00 Postpaid

book; some of it is deadly serious. Much of what now seems funny was written in earnest. This is anthologizing at a high level, and the result must be seen to be appreciated.

ROMULO; VOICE OF FREEDOM—by Cornelia Spencer—pp. 256 — *Longmans, Green* — $3.50.

THIS BIOGRAPHER has made her field those Asians who like the U.S., as her other titles show. Here she does her competent dramatic job on Carlos Romulo of the Philippines, onetime student at Columbia University; spokesman through his newspapers for President Quezon; ADC to General MacArthur; the radio "Voice of Freedom" from Corregidor; President of the UN General Assembly and, now, Philippines Ambassador to Washington. His stature is bigger than the author's. The account exudes America (*i.e.*, the U.S.) and MacArthur.

WORLDS OF MUSIC—by Cecil Smith—pp. 313 and index—*Longmans, Green*—$6.00.

NEVER has there been a time in the history of the world when so much music—and so much of that music of good quality—was available to so many people. Music is the pampered art of our day. This enthusiasm, or cultural bulge, or whatever it may be, has brought into being worlds unknown to the great musicians of the past. These worlds—those of the vast managerial companies, of the organized audiences, of the musician's union, of musical education—are discussed in detail and with remarkable fairness by a critic who was for many years editor of *Musical America*.

Mr. Smith wears his learning modestly, but every page of his admirable book is rooted in fine musical taste, a thorough knowledge of the mingling of art and commerce which is his theme, and an impressive desire to be fair to many people whom the reader may wish to chop into ketchup. Every music-lover should read this book, if only to learn how many crewcuts live off the long-hairs.

OF THEIR OWN CHOICE—by Peter Churchill —pp. 218—*Hodder & Stoughton*—$3.00.

ANYBODY WHO READS this secret service story and is not enthralled is a clod, in the mild opinion of this reviewer, who dotes on the species anyway. It is a spy story and it is all true. Its special virtue is that the adventure isn't too high; one need not be a superman to have been in Peter Churchill's brave place.

Lieutenant Peter Churchill of the British Army volunteered for special service. He knew languages and the south of France. He and a few others passed one of the first British courses in sabotage, in training for service in Occupied and Petain's France. Details of the strenuous training are themselves fascinating. After the course, a submarine put him ashore near Cannes. The rest of the account is of his 28 days in France in January, 1942.

"Michel"—Churchill's cover name —landed with memorized instructions and millions of francs for bribery and to pay agents. He made his contacts with key persons of the early Resistance movement, fulfilled his mission and returned by an arduous route with a beautiful young Spaniard as guide, through the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. There is no cloak-and-dagger melodrama. Its fascination is that the detail of the extraordinary gives the credibility of the ordinary; life on the submarine, the audacious American woman in Marseilles, the Consul-General at Barcelona, for instance.

A superior spy story, exact, perceptive. Mr. Churchill may be stretching four weeks into one book to save his other exploits for later telling, but to have compressed this excursion would have lost the wonderful details.

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN — by Charlotte Armstrong—pp. 219—*Longmans, Green*—$3.25.

A THRILLER without a thrill, a romance without a flutter, about a naive young heiress whom a black-hearted male cousin would see die of poison rather than take her to a hospital for an injection, and whom a female cousin frantically tries to save, almost losing her betrothed in the attempt. Banal, boring, blank.

EXECUTIVE SUITE—by Cameron Hawley—pp. 344—*Thomas Allen*—$3.50.

BUSINESSMEN and corporation executives, and those who would be, should be titillated by this novel. It is written by one of their own kind who is also a skilful story-teller. Its backdrop is a large American furniture combine. Its chief figures are its executives, directors and their wives, a secretary, and Avery Bullard. Bullard single-handed made the Pennsylvania Company the rich corporation it became, and died of a heart attack on page 8 in New York, leaving no designated heir.

The story lasts for the next 26 hours and 336 pages. In them the author tells of twists of financiers, the rivalries of claimant to the Bullard throne, the loyalties to the firm. The quietus to Bullard's bulldozing ghost is given when a youngish Vice-President steps with his wife into the executive suite on the 24th floor of Tredway Tower, Millburgh, Pa. He clutches the Bullard mantle by assertive strength of personality, Bullard fashion, and "the miracle of his mind"—his wife's phrase. "It was only when she tried to understand him that she had been afraid. She would never be afraid again".

A vivid, rapid story, unusual in its subject. The strongly drawn main characters are not profound; perhaps it is this lack which leads to executive suites and general command.

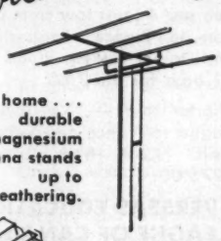
RETURN TO ACADIA — by George Frederick Clarke—pp. 252—*Brunswick Press*—$3.00.

A QUIET PASSION and intimate knowledge of his Province's past have long made Dr. Clarke, a dentist in New Brunswick, an admired writer on historical themes. He is particularly well known for his boys' stories on Indians and early settlement, published in England. This novel is fully adult but boys will relish it. Dr. Clarke's new departure is to accede to a Canadian publisher, who has done him very well indeed; the book is finely set up.

Quiet, clean, thorough, scholarly without being ponderous, the writing is old-fashioned but of a good fashion. The style is an appealing attribute of

It pays
to reduce...

...weight in
modern living



at home . . . durable magnesium antenna stands up to weathering.

at work . . . magnesium suits modern design, improves portability

at play . . . durable magnesium stands up in all kinds of weather.

You find magnesium used more and more in the tools and appliances for modern living because it's light, it's durable, it's strong.

with DOMAL high purity
MAGNESIUM
DOMINION MAGNESIUM LIMITED
320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario

Relieve the
PRESSURE of
Neuralgic Pain!

• When the tense, pressing agony of neuralgic pain strikes, you want relief *in a hurry*. And here's a way for you to get it—*quickly, easily, effectively*.

Doctors generally will tell you that neuralgic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become tender and swollen. That torture you feel is simply Nature's call for help.

You can get blessed relief—*fast*—by rubbing Absorbine Jr. on the sore, swollen areas.

Absorbine Jr. actually helps to *counteract* the pressure which may be causing your misery. At the same time, it warms and soothes those throbbing pain spots. The speed with which it works will amaze you.

Used by thousands

Thousands rely on Absorbine Jr. for its quick, comforting relief from neuralgic and rheumatic pain, and from sore, aching muscles.

Before the next attack of neuralgic pain—get Absorbine Jr. Only $1.25 a long-lasting bottle at all drug counters.

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal

Send for FREE sample today

ABSORBINE Jr.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Lyman House, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal
Please send me a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Prov._____

A DARING IMPROVEMENT IN WATCH MAKING

Automatic "331"

Now . . . the thinnest self-winding watch ever made with a *full size movement.* The ultra thin MOVADO Automatic "331" is a triumph of MOVADO research. The oscillating weight of a new alloy nearly as heavy as *uranium*, rocks into action with more power, winds on the slightest impulse, gives constant controlled power for excellent timekeeping performance. Water resistant cases, 17 jewels, anti-magnetic, shock-proof, extra durable.

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 168 OBSERVATORY AWARDS
SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELLERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Write for Fully Descriptive Brochure
In Canada—Movado Watch Agency, 44 King West, Toronto **In U.S.A.—Movado Watch Agency Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y.**

Flagship of the fleet
NIEUW AMSTERDAM
36,667 gross tons. Seven passenger decks. Two indoor swimming pools. Acres of decks. Sumptuous public rooms. Seven elevators. Cinema, shops, night club, gymnasium, solarium.

For eighty years, experienced travelers have enjoyed the finest transatlantic life on Holland-America liners. Here's where shipkeeping . . . seafaring . . . cuisine and service reach peak perfection. Too, for truly warm, sociable hospitality, you'll find a friendly Holland-America crossing a new, different experience!

Frequent sailings from New York to SOUTHAMPTON—LE HAVRE—ROTTERDAM by famous NIEUW AMSTERDAM, VEENDAM, MAASDAM and RYNDAM . . . Direct to ROTTERDAM by all-first-class motor-twins WESTERDAM and NOORDAM.

Special Sailing from MONTREAL
RYNDAM • JUNE 20
to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam
Tourist $170 up; First Class from $250.

Holland-America Line

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

MONTREAL: Laurentien Hotel, Dominion Square, Montreal 2, P. Q.
WINNIPEG: Room 405, Royal Bank Building, Winnipeg, Man.
VANCOUVER: 591 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B. C.

The new thrifttiners
RYNDAM—MAASDAM
introduce a new concept in tourist travel, with virtual run-of-ship privileges for Tourist Class passengers—and air-conditioned comfort throughout.

DIRECT TO ROTTERDAM for as little as $150

on modern Netherlands Government vessels. Good food, seamanship, cleanliness. Cabin berth $160. Dormitory $150. DIRECTORATE-GENERAL OF SHIPPING (Ministrie van Verkeer en Waterstaat), The Hague—HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, Agents.

From Halifax: GROOTE BEER Mar. 27, April 18; WATERMAN Apr. 3, 25.
From Montreal: GROOTE BEER June 6, July 28, Aug. 21, Oct. 3.
From New York: GROOTE BEER May 13, July 1*; WATERMAN May 21, June 20*, July 13, Sept. 16; ZUIDERKRUIS Aug. 29. *Student sailings

the novel, although one questions "quizzical", a word not invented by 1761 when the story opens. The dialogue is lively in a Henty way, the Indians, Scots and French-Canadians breathe authentically, and Tomah, the chief Indian figure, is a memorable creation. The interweaving of story, history and anecdote of David Cameron's return to Acadia in search of life and love, is characteristic of the author's competence as story-teller and excellence as re-creator of a period.

MIKE MULLINS OF BOSTON CRICK—by O.T.G. Williamson—pp. 114—*Ryerson*—$2.50.

THE TYPE is authentic, and so is the humor, one must confess. Mr. Williamson knows northern Ontario and his Mike Mullinses and here tells their humorous stories. Notable as the gold, sawlogs, etc., products of this sub-James Bay region have been, "they are outclassed as distinctive achievements by the people of the country", the author says. Which may be true. But one may mention that the gold is refined before it reaches the retail market, the saw-logs processed. The humor, sentiment and characters in this collection of short stories are given to us *au naturel.*

The first story is a fair sample. "Mike Mullins' Big Moment" came when this Irish railway station helper received a phone call that "one thousand pigs" were arriving at the remote siding. The chief despatcher is away. Broguish Mike makes frenzied preparations to receive the thousand pigs. When they come, they are "one sow and pigs". Canadian laughter—hold both your sides.

NOW THRIVE THE ARMOURERS — by Robert O. Holles—pp. 176—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

DON'T NONE of ye's be thinkin' the War's over, for it is not, said the Irish sergeant-major. "An' even if it is there's no time to be slackin' off. Oi'll have me eyes on every one of ye's, wherever ye might be. An' if ye start to hear the bullets singin' past ye there's no use in startin' to run, for if ye're meant for a bullet ye'll get it just the same, an' ye won't hear it comin' ".

So the First Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment reluctantly landed in Korea in November, 1950. They heard the bullets and did not run. Bullets they did not hear took most of them at Imjin in the following April; a heroic stand which tingled through the appalled and admiring world. This story of the Gloucesters in Korea is told at platoon level by Seargeant Holles. It is a soldier's story, vivid because factual. The topography and issues take form and meaning through the author's direct observation.

T. J. A.

•

Wanted: Mistress, must be neat in appearance, experienced only need apply.—Advertisement in *The Hamilton Spectator.*

And references?

SUMMER TOUR 1953
(JULY AND AUGUST)
British Isles $700.00 up
Continent $275.00 up

See our August tour from London to France, Switzerland and Italy including ROME — 22 days for $397.00.

Shorter tour — 14 days in August to France and Switzerland. Cost from London $275.00.

OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE OF CANADA,
505 Time Bldg., Winnipeg
R. Fletcher, B.A., LL.D.,
Honorary Treasurer,
Miss Lilian Watson,
Travel Director

STUDY AT HOME FOR A DEGREE
Postal courses for London University Degrees B.A., B.Sc., B.D., B.Sc. Econ. Established in 1894. Wolsey Hall has a record of over 12,500 successes. Fees moderate. Information from Dept. OS-20.
WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

SNP
Complete Production Service on your Advertising and Publication Printing
Saturday Night Press
71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

Foreign Affairs

Selling the Same Horse Twice

IT IS natural that more attention is being given to what the new U.S. Administration is doing, to lay down a new and more dynamic foreign policy, than to the objectives of this policy, which are necessarily still remote.

Nevertheless, while Eisenhower stipulated in his Inaugural Address that the first task of statesmanship was to develop the strength that will deter aggression, he added directly that he stood ready to engage with any and all others in a joint effort to remove the causes of mutual fear and distrust among nations. In short, he will negotiate when there is any prospect of achieving anything.

In all the bleating from Britain over the unfreezing of the comfortably stabilized Formosa situation, and from the Continent over the "needling" of European leaders to get on with unity projects which they themselves have ceaselessly extolled for years, little notice was perhaps given to the reaction of the enemy to the first Eisenhower-Dulles moves. He told his people almost nothing of them—the whole State of the Union speech was squeezed into a 20-line Tass dispatch —but bid at once for the reopening of negotiations for an Austrian settlement and a truce in Korea.

This doesn't mean that he is ready to holler "Uncle" when we have only begun to put the toe-lock on him. There is a lesson and a warning in almost all the negotiations Moscow has called for since the war. The Soviets are quick to cry for talks any time we get things moving, whether it be an offensive in Korea or a plan to bring Germany into a European Army, just like a basketball team calls for two minutes' "time-out" when its opponent gets a scoring bee under way.

THIS is a fixed policy of the Kremlin. Through it they take advantage of our public opinion, whose hopes are raised every time Stalin answers the questions of a newsman, and of the political need of our governments never to refuse to negotiate. They take the steam out of our action, and use the talks as political warfare to set us one against the other. Meanwhile they use the time gained to build up their military strength.

No better example could be wished for than Korea. But this lesson will not be wasted if we have learned that you can only secure your aims in negotiating with the Soviets by keeping up the pressure the whole time—by kicking him on the shins under the green baize table. Perhaps if we had kept the Ridgway offensive of mid-summer 1951 rolling we might have secured an acceptable armistice in Korea. There are still many, including General Van Fleet, who believe that only another such offensive, against a greatly fortified and strengthened enemy, will bring an armistice.

For the present, General Eisenhower seems to be seeking less costly and more imaginative ways of loosening up this situation and putting new pressures on the Chinese Communists. And John Foster Dulles has declared explicitly that the aim of his policies in Europe is to make enslavement so unprofitable that Stalin will release his grip on the occupied and satellite nations.

I have long believed that this process would start in Austria. The first principle is to move from strength. Hence Dulles' concentration on Western unity and the establishment of a European Army with German and, in one form or another, British, components. The second principle is that the policy must be dynamic. Gone is the idea of "containing" Soviet expansion, in the hope that some day the Soviet system will crumble by itself. The new policy is one of prying at and harassing the Soviets.

HOW IN A DOZEN ways the heat will be put on the Red Army in Austria. The Soviets have long operated on the assumption that their soldiers would be "corrupted" by Western influences if the most severe precautions were not taken to check their intercourse with the population, and with the British, French and American soldiers in Vienna. Officers have been forbidden for the past six years to billet out; and soldiers have been given only an hour's notice of return to the Soviet Union, so that they wouldn't be able to lay careful plans for desertion.

These precautions they have found necessary without any effort by us to corrupt their men, without any smuggled propaganda, without any open pledge by us of refuge, work and emigration overseas, or support in political work against Stalinism, for all who quit the Red Army or can make their way out of the satellites or the USSR. I have long believed that such an offer, backed up fully by performance, could electrify the situation in Eastern Europe.

We must realize, though, that we have to live down our Yalta agreement to repatriate all Soviet citizens after the war. These included hundreds of thousands who did not want to go back, tens of thousands who fought bitterly against going back, perhaps thousands who committed suicide; and notably the men and

How to get to Paris in 40 minutes

Give them a few more years and the scientists *may* be able to rocket you to Europe in minutes, if you have the fare.

Even if you don't fancy the prospect of rocket travel, you can, in just about 40 minutes, lay the plans that will give you leisure to roam where you please, at your own pace, whenever you feel ready to retire.

A chat with your Great-West Life representative will quickly reveal which retirement plan suits your needs best, and just how much you should put away for it. The same plan that guarantees your retirement income also protects your family with life insurance.

See your Great-West Life representative. Let him show you how to get to Paris, or wherever you may want to go, in 40 minutes!

Your future is our business to-day!

GREAT-WEST LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG

officers of the Vlasov Army, formed by the Germans from anti-Stalinist Soviet POW's.

Babes in arms in political warfare as we were, we sent most of them back; the Soviets made of them an example to all their other soldiers who might be tempted to desert. The officers were shot, and the men sent to forced labor camps.

Stalin is always expert in playing on the worst elements in human nature. It is our challenge to overcome his play on fear by our belief in the basic striving of every human being for freedom, and by correcting the many mistakes we have made in dealing with Red Army escapees since the war. I think we could bring Stalin to the point where he would prefer taking his troops out of Austria to changing them oftener and oftener, thus exposing ever more young conscripts to the outside world and all its disproof of Soviet propaganda.

Eden seems to think, too, that the best place to start to negotiate a settlement with the Soviets is in Austria, though it is doubtful if he has thought of using such rude methods to bring the talks about, or shares Dulles' view of the kicking under the table that is necessary to secure an acceptable agreement.

It is more British to think in terms of "give-and-take", and that's what the Soviets hope for. If they agree to evacuate their forces from Austria, what will we give them for it? Except for agreeing to take out our own forces I imagine we will give them very little. This deal was made once before, in Moscow in November 1943, between Eden, Hull and Molotov. We "paid" the Soviets in full for agreeing to treat Austria as a liberated and not a conquered country, in the immense lend-lease aid we offered them at Teheran immediately afterwards. To "sell the horse twice" is an old Russian custom, and that's just what they will try to do at every new conference.

We cannot agree to it because for one thing we simply cannot secure the kind of European settlement that we can live with in any "give-and-take" negotiation which would be agreeable to the Soviets. The only kind of settlement we can live with is one which they are bound to oppose strenuously.

We already have an agreement with them, for example, on Eastern Europe, covering the freedom of the present satellites. It was negotiated at Yalta, in the pleasant way Roosevelt liked to do those things, so that, as he told his Secretary of Labor, Mrs. Perkins, the Russians could have no reason whatever to doubt American friendship, and were bound to abandon their suspicions that we were trying to "encircle" them.

IT WAS "paid for" in the package deal which comprised the agreement for the occupation of Germany, the sending of vast further quantities of Lend-Lease supplies, and procedures for the re-establishment of free governments in all the Eastern European countries. The Soviets will want to slip it into a new package deal calling for the withdrawal of Allied as well as Soviet troops from the heart of Europe, the neutralization of a re-united Germany, withdrawal of our support from Tito, and probably the breaking up of the NATO alliance and dismantling of its string of bases from Norway to Turkey.

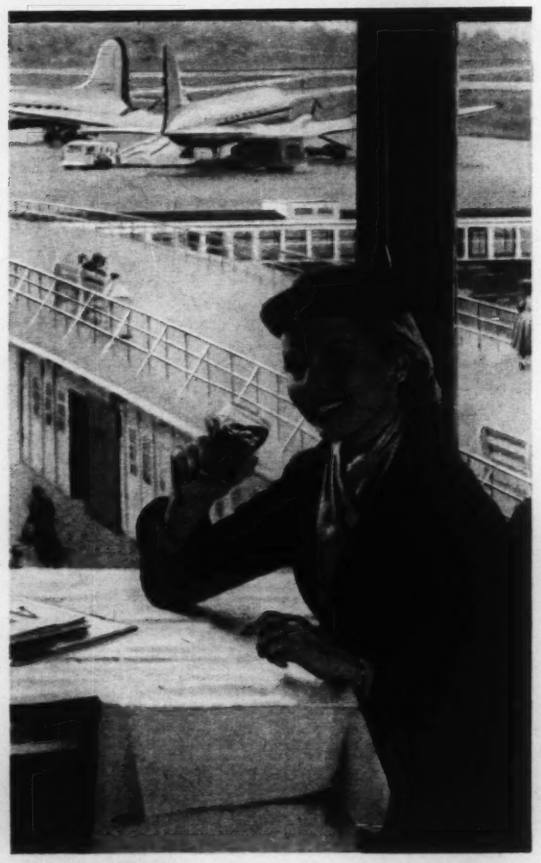
That would be the Soviet idea of a "give-and-take" settlement. It is safe to say that we have not made our exertions to accept any such illusory security as such a deal would offer. What kind of a settlement must we then have? We must be clear on what our aim is, how to achieve it, and how to hold it. This is the kind of understanding we lacked so woefully at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam.

Surely our minimum requirements must be that the Red Army be taken home, within the Soviet frontiers, and the countries of Eastern Europe be set free. But an agreement to do this wouldn't be worth a tap unless we possessed the power to make the Soviets keep it, unless, as Acheson once said, it merely recognized a situation which we had created.

THE essence of the Dulles policy is to create these situations. First in Austria. Probably next in Germany, using similar methods to corrupt the Soviet troops in the East Zone and able diplomacy to carry the West Germans along with us, and toward a United Europe. Building up the power of attraction of a free and relatively prosperous Western Europe is as much a part of our plan for liberating the satellites as shifting the military balance.

Next, Czechoslovakia. She would

Busy people pause for Coke



You hear people say,
"Coca-Cola has been a favourite
in our family for four generations."
Such acceptance comes only
from quality you can trust.
Its flavour—unique and inimitable—
is blended of good things
from nine sunny climes. Have a Coke
and enjoy happy, *refreshing* moments.

You trust its quality

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK. COCA-COLA LTD.

Our Family Shopping Bill:

$350,000,000

More than a million dollars a day, every working day!

That is how much the Canadian plants of General Motors spend with our Canadian suppliers—because we believe in buying at home. Last year we spent $350,000,000 in Canada, on products of mines and forests and farms, on manufactured materials, on oil and electric power, on transport services and a thousand other things we must buy to build General Motors products. Most of this money went to pay the wages of the Canadians who mined or grew or made the things we bought. And so General Motors' policy of buying in Canada means more money in the pockets of Canadians all across the land.

GENERAL MOTORS

LEADERSHIP GM ENGINEERING-RESEARCH

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED	FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED	GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED	THE McKINNON INDUSTRIES LIMITED
OSHAWA AND WINDSOR	LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH	LONDON	ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TOWNSHIP

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

feel the pull of a United Western Europe just as she would feel the lessening Soviet military pressure on her borders from Austria and Germany. Where in 1948 all the pressure came from the Soviet side and none from the Western, emboldening the Czechoslovak Communists, intimidating and discouraging the democratic leaders, and bringing on the Communist coup, so in the new situation the democrats would be heartened and supported while the Communists would run to ground.

Mr. Dulles has given his general ideas for encouraging all those peoples who are struggling for freedom from Communist rule. 1) The President and Congress could make it clear that U.S. policy seeks as one of its peaceful goals the eventual freeing of these nations, and will make no "deal" confirming Soviet rule over them. 2) We could support the creation of political "task forces" in exile for each of the captive nations.

3) We could stimulate the escape from behind the Iron Curtain of those who can help in these programs. 4) These activities could be coordinated with those of the Voice of America and the privately organized Committees for Free Europe and Free Asia. 5) We could use economic relations and diplomatic recognition of the puppets as a weapon. 6) We could join with other free nations in proclaiming, in a great new Declaration of Independence, our policies towards the captive nations.

"We do not want a series of bloody uprisings and reprisals," stipulates Dulles. "There can be peaceful separation from Moscow, as Tito showed . . . We can be confident that within two, five or ten years substantial parts of the present captive world can peacefully regain national independence. That will mark the beginning of the end of Soviet despotism's attempt at world conquest."

This is as precise as one can be, at this stage. And it is this conception that, once our side takes the initiative and the Soviets begin to retreat, the dynamic of the situation will carry the transformation further, which makes it unnecessary now to decide whether we can live in security with a Soviet Union still controlled by its present leaders, or whether we have to aim at the overthrow of that regime.

WE HAVE a long way to go before we will be face to face with that question. To declare now that we aim at the overthrow of the Stalinist regime and the break-up of the Russian Soviet Empire would be bound to bring on even more sanguinary purges among the Soviet minorities than the one which seems now under way. It would line up the Great Russian people (about half the population of the USSR) behind Stalin; and present him with a strong argument for launching a preventive war.

One may hope that the prestige which the Soviet regime will lose in retreating from Eastern Europe will so undermine it as to make an overthrow possible—especially if the transfer of power from Stalin should be going on at this time. If this does not happen we may feel at that time that we cannot live in any real security in the atomic age, while a brutal dictatorship still controls one-sixth of the earth and can carry out there secret preparations for a sudden blow against the free world centres.

But it would seem that, at the present time, the threat to support the liberation of the Soviet minorities is one to be implied, to be used in our political warfare to bring Stalin to retreat from Eastern Europe. "If you don't fulfil the agreements you made at Yalta on Eastern Europe, we may be forced, etc. . . ."

Eisenhower showed how this can be done, in his intentionally vague repudiation of "secret clauses" of the various agreements made with the Soviets during the war. He left the Soviets to wonder whether they have to dicker all over again for the Manchurian concessions, the Japanese islands, or the Polish and German borders. It looks as though *he*, too, were preparing "to sell the horse twice", when it comes to sitting down to negotiations.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

Exploding Curtain

Vienna.

ONE night recently the inhabitants of the Austrian village of Klein-Haugsdorf, half a mile from the Czechoslovak frontier, were awakened by loud detonations, followed by bursts of sten gun fire. "There was nothing in it," a farmer remarked. "It happens every week at villages in the cold-war front line."

But when the Austrian gendarmerie patrol passed minefields and frontier wire in the cold, grey dawn, there was something in them. Something limp, with neither hands nor feet, which the Czech Communist guards were dragging away. Soon after the Russian Kommandatura rang gendarmerie headquarters.

The Czechoslovak frontier today is completely barred by deep belts of wire and minefields such as have sealed off the Hungarian frontier now for over two years. No one bothers any more about the constant detonations of Teller mines. Most are caused by wild creatures touching a trip-wire. And sometimes the trappers are themselves trapped. So many Czech patrols have inadvertently set off mines that slit trenches have been dug for them. Military ambulances stand by in case of accidents when the Communists are working on the minefields.

It was after the exciting dash of the "Freedom Train" across the frontier in September, 1951, that work was speeded up on the exploding curtain. Next, a subaltern, a sergeant and four men crossed with their arms into Austria, near Prerau, and demanded asylum. Concrete roadblocks were set up on minor roads, and the surface pavement blown up. Weeds and grass already cover the debris. A 12-kilometre deep no-man's land was created on the Czech side, which no non-resident can enter. Immediately behind the wire, trees were felled and the ground ploughed up in a belt of some 40-60 feet right along the frontier. It is constantly raked over, to show the tracks of anyone approaching the wire.

AS recently as 1950 I met a high-ranking Czechoslovakian air force officer who, with his young wife, and carrying his year-old baby, had simply waded through the icy marshes to safety. That is impossible today. But here and there there is still a dramatic break-through. On October 17 there was the episode of the "Freedom Truck". Four men (a truck driver, a police officer, a shop assistant and a mechanic) armored a Studebaker truck with 8-millimetre iron plates, stole six rifles and pistols with abundant ammunition. After months of preparation, with two women and four children, they drove from Franzensbad through the first barrier. Just 170 yards from the frontier they were caught in a tank-trap. When the frontier guards began shooting, two of them kept up covering fire until the whole party got safely through.

The curtain has indeed been rung down on freedom for the Czechs. Not a night goes by that does not claim a new victim.

G. E. R. GEDYE

...it's smoother than ever

Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

DISTILLERS OF THE FAMOUS *Canadian Club* WHISKY

Sports

Improbable Guys

SIR: THE OUTRAGEOUS SLURS on the reputation of Toronto which have been printed in recent issues of your valuable publication have prompted me to write this letter of protest. I feel that I am a typical Torontonian. By "typical Torontonian" I mean that I was born in Winnipeg, educated in Winnipeg, Lennoxville, P.Q., Victoria, B.C., and Montreal; received my early business training in Winnipeg, Powell River, B.C., Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton and came to Toronto to make my fortune. When I arrived here, I was well-nigh penniless, but now I owe the Bank of Montreal (Main Branch) $4,200, plus interest at 5 per cent per annum. Additionally, I owe $1,204 on my new car and there are several bookmakers around town who have threatened my life, but their chances of collecting are about as good as my chances of swimming from here to Queenston Heights, underwater.

By insinuating that Toronto is dull, your author has insinuated that Toronto lacks color. My typical Toronto blood boils even as I realize that your author deliberately is attempting to make typical Toronto blood boil. Your author must have obtained all his information about Toronto from a travel-folder because, in dismissing our metropolis as drab and colorless, it is obvious, also, that he hasn't conducted any research into the nomenclature of our leading citizens, past and present.

THE LATE Damon Runyon amassed a mess of moola by writing stories concerning certain burghers of Manhattan whose names, in the eyes of 90 per cent of the readers, were completely improbable. It was Mr. Runyon's misfortune that he became so preoccupied with Broadway that he left himself no time in which to visit typical Toronto. A week-end in Toronto, under proper guidance, would have given him sufficient material for another literary three-decker.

For instance, one of my best acquaintances in these parts is a typical Torontonian who is known throughout Canada and the United States simply as The Good Kid. The Good Kid currently is making a remarkable recovery from a cerebral thrombosis and because, in his delicate condition, he finds pinochle and gin-rummy quite enervating, he sits each afternoon in a local bistro moodily kneading two squash-balls with the fingers and palms of his hands. Few persons outside of his own intimate circle know The Good Kid's square monicker but they are aware of the fact that he has an older brother who is called Percy Piffles.

A few years back, a Torontonian with somewhat unsavory business connections was ventilated by gunfire and his body was dumped into a deep-freeze snowdrift to await the spring thaw. It is to my everlasting regret that I never saw that gentleman personally, because it was only after his burial that one of his former associates informed me that his name was Break-The-Bed Louis.

If your author had spent a few days in Toronto, undoubtedly he would have learned that Swinky is Pushcart's brother-in-law, and only a poltroon would be unaware of the fact that Pushcart and Corporal Izzy Schwartz staged many an epic pugilistic bout when they were newsboys on our city streets.

On any given day, a citizen may walk along King Street and he is quite likely to meet Razor, The Beast, The Gorilla and The Mad Russian—stout fellows, all. Mr. Runyon couldn't have bettered that, even if he stood outside Lindy's Broadway restaurant for two hours.

In stock-market circles, I have two friends who are known as The Dictator and The Senator. Another famous typical Torontonian is Joe The Goof whose name is singularly inappropriate for the reason that, in the field of astute businessmen, he knows no peers.

PAUL REVERE is a friend of mine who, when the morality squad of the City Constabulary decides to assault the compounds of the bookmakers, speeds ahead of the gendarmes, sounding The Retreat. There is a plethora of Punks in Toronto, two of the more well-known being Bobby The Punk and Davey The Punk. For that matter, there are two Blimps—The Senior Blimp and The Junior Blimp. King Kong really is a very nice Torontonian, despite his name, and the morning-paper newsboy at the corner of College and Spadina is Pop-Eye or Pierpont.

Snookums died a year or so ago but he was an acknowledged expert in the field of gems and watches. When he returned to Canada from Europe, after an Army hitch, they say that he carried so many concealed diamonds that, by comparison, he would have made the late Mrs. Vanderbilt look like a sack-clad charlady.

Tex, my favorite taxi-driver, won his name because he started off to drive to Texas one day and wound up in Erie, Pa. During the war, he was driving an innocent fare from Toronto to Montreal and, as they neared the Ontario-Quebec boundary, he asked the passenger if he carried a "border-crossing card." When the

The Dominion of Canada
GENERAL
Insurance Company

Head Office — Toronto

REPORTS ANOTHER YEAR OF PROGRESS

1951		1952
$16,067,691	ASSETS	$17,725,383
12,724,280	RESERVES and all Other Liabilities	14,142,352
825,000	CONTINGENCY RESERVE	1,005,000
1,007,800	CAPITAL STOCK (Paid Up)	1,007,800
2,518,411	SURPLUS SECURITY (to Policyholders)	2,578,031

GENERAL INSURANCE

TOTAL INCOME - - - - - - $4,764,963
Being an increase of $650,873

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS $2,090,199
Being an increase of $182,263

CLASSES OF INSURANCE WRITTEN
Automobile, Fire, Accident and Sickness, Burglary, Liability, Personal Property, Plate Glass, Guarantee Bonds.

LIFE INSURANCE

TOTAL INCOME - - - - - - $1,646,702
Being an increase of $87,923

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS - $394,281
Being a decrease of $42,707

BUSINESS IN FORCE - - - - $57,234,231
Being an increase of $6,644,246

PRESIDENT: H. S. GOODERHAM

VICE-PRESIDENT: D. G. ROSS

VICE-PRESIDENT: L. M. KEACHIE, C.B.E., Q.C.

DIRECTORS:
H. R. JACKMAN, L. G. GILLETT, HON. F. E. BRONSON, P.C., J. P. NICOLLS, BRIGADIER W. MAVOR, C.B.E., M.C., R. W. DAVIES

GENERAL MANAGERS:
L. L. ROOKE, General Insurance
J. E. WHITE, Life Insurance

BRANCHES:
Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Kingston (Jamaica), Port of Spain (Trinidad)

Purchasers and Distributors of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

OLD MASTERS

The Royal Sovereign with a visiting Royal Yacht, By Willen Van de Velde, The Younger (1633-1707). Canvas 20½" x 30". One of a group of old masters now on sale & display.

From the collections of Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E. and David Niven, Esq.

LAING GALLERIES
194 Bloor St. West—Just West Avenue Road

NEW WALLS
AT SMALL COST

For over forty-five years we have studied, developed and scientifically applied wall renovating processes to suit every conceivable type of decorated surface, and have successfully served thousands of homes and institutions. Examine your walls now, make a note of those needing attention then phone or write for further information and descriptive folder.

←Note before and after renovation.
INVESTIGATE BEFORE REDECORATING

WE RENOVATE BY SPECIAL PROCESSES

WALLPAPER . . . OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
PAINTED SURFACES . . . FLAT OR GLOSS
COTTONED CEILINGS . . . AND WALLS
BLENDED OR . . . TINTED SURFACES
ENAMELLED WALLS . . . AND WOODWORK
GLAZED OR . . . IVORY FINISHED WALLS
CHURCH . . . AND THEATRE DECORATIONS
STUCCO . . . AND CAENSTONE SURFACES
ACOUSTICAL SURFACES . . . ALL TYPES
LINCRUSTO . . . AND LEATHERETTE PAPERS
PAINTINGS MURALS ORNAMENTAL WORK
DECORATIONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

IN HOMES CHURCHES BUILDINGS

A. TEOLIS LIMITED
OFFICES & LABORATORIES. 4 COLLIER STREET. TORONTO. PHONE PRINCESS 1467

fare replied in the negative, Tex told him that he'd have to ride in the trunk of the car. Drove him all the way to Montreal in the trunk and charged him the full fare too.

In our very dull streets, you are likely to meet One-Punch Stransman, who owned a car for many years but seldom took it out of the garage because he feared that the rain might ruin his paint-job. And, there is The Sheriff, who guards the dressing-room doors at local boxing shows, and Pork-Chops, who spends much of his time around Big Slow's little joint and who can quote you completely inaccurate odds on any sporting event.

THE RACE TRACK can't be considered, correctly, a part of Toronto, of course, because race-trackers are international in character. The Toronto race tracks are pretty dull, too, with only such fellows as Long-Boy and Empty Wagon and Banjo-Jack and Benny The Van-Man and Bill The Reverend to enliven things occasionally. Race-trackers are itinerants, and one never can tell when the turf scene will yield a gaudy spotlight to Centre-field Willie, Michigan Ike, or Cougar Smith. The dignified directors of the Ontario Jockey Club are unlikely to forget that maverick, Chattahoochie Smith, who turned loose his horse to munch on the succulent grass of the sacred infield at Woodbine. Cowboy is dead these four years—murdered, the poor fellow—and Whittier Park Slim has drifted down to California. Whittlin' Knifey has gone to his last reward and Cock-Eyed Casey is likely to bounce in again, but no one will be happy because Cock-Eye is a very rough tout when he puts the arm on an innocent mark.

None of the "Locals" has seen Whitey The Pest for some time because Whitey apparently wore out his welcome in these parts. The Pest was a card, he was.

One night, some of the boys were sitting around playing stud in a typical Toronto hotel. The Pest's luck was awe-inspiringly bad and he lost hand after hand. Knowing that he was equipped with a slightly fragile temper, his table-mates grew more silent as the evening grew longer and The Pest's losses increased.

FINALLY, there was a hand on which Whitey the Pest was outdrawn on the last card. There wasn't a sound in the room save the chirping of a canary in a cage. The canary belonged to the host, who was a year-round patron of the typical Toronto hotel.

It was quite obvious that the chirping of the canary had been disturbing Whitey's ratiocinations during that final hand so he opened the door of the cage, clutched the bird in his hand and bit off its head.

A charming and colorful fellow, you must admit.

I could enlarge on this subject but it just occurred to me that the newspapers used to pay me very good money for chronicling this type of stuff. However, if your snide author dares to return to Toronto, I will be pleased to escort him to the oldest, permanent floating crap-game in North America.

JAMES COLEMAN

Chess Problem

JUST as our Problem No. 1 is first an incomplete block, and becomes a complete block after the waiting key-move, so we may have much the reverse, a complete block problem with the key-move introducing a mating threat. Problems of this nature belong to the important block-threat class. Prior to 1905 the block-threat two-mover was quite unknown, and about a dozen examples covered all that actually existed. From 1910 to 1915 they enjoyed great popularity, but since have been in neglect. Consequently they are much less plentiful than mutates, and generally they are far less rich in strategy. Much of the set play may be demolished by the key-move, and if new variations are few they appear violent and unattractive.

Problem No. 3, by G. Heathcote
Black—Seven Pieces.
White—Seven Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

Our No. 3 above, by a famous English composer who died last year, is one of the finest block-threat two-movers. It easily took first prize in the American Chess Bulletin block-threat composing tourney in 1911. Another outstanding example stands to the credit of the late Dr. H. W. Bettmann of Cincinatti, a matter of ten years later capturing first prize in one of the Good Companions Club regular competitions.

Solution of Problem No. 2

Key-move 1.K-R5, waiting.

If R-Kt7; 2.Q-B3 mate. If B-Kt7; 2.Q-Kt4 mate. If P-K7; 2.QxQP mate. If KxP; 2.Q-B4 mate. If RxQ; 2.KtxR mate. If P-Q7; 2.B-B2 mate.

The set mates in reply to R-Kt7, B-Kt7 and P-K7 are 2.B-B3, 2.QxP (K3) and 2.Kt-Q2 respectively. They are demolished through the key-move giving a flight-square.

"CENTAUR"

•

Gila monsters are among the ugliest creatures alive. If the creatures were endowed with man's sensitivity to beauty and ugliness, it seems safe to say that the males and females would never be able to overcome their mutual repugnance, and the genus would simply die out.—*Science News Letter.*

We'd like to see the writer before agreeing to that.

Business

Quiet Revolution in Britain

By HAROLD WINCOTT

LONDON—The early weeks of 1953 in Britain have been dramatic and stormy, but they have had a note of humdrum economic placidity which has hidden a quiet revolution. The British, in their times, have fought noisily and bloodily for their revolutions and their freedom. On the present occasion, both the revolution and the freedom have been silently conferred on them, almost, it seems, without the people knowing what was happening. And yet, deep down, they *have* known about it. And enjoyed it. Which, seeing that the English are proverbially prone to take their pleasures sadly, is a matter of no small significance.

How shall I convey the extent of this revolution to Canadians who know the plentitude of the self-service store and the rapid growth of the suburbs but who knew not postwar Britain between 1945 and 1951? Consider the following catalogue of events, all of which have happened since last mid-summer:

Tea has been derationed.

You can now buy sausages made of real pork, not soya flour, and cakes and pastries which not only look good but are worth eating. The burden of sweet rationing has also been recently removed.

You can get most makes of new cars in a matter of days. And you can fill your new car up with branded 80 octane fuel instead of 70 octane anonymous "pool" petrol.

Eggs will be freed from the ration this spring. Already, my wife finds it a little embarrassing saying "No" to offers of the extra dozen or so.

FREE dealings have been restored in quite a number of commodity markets. The government is getting out of the business of buying and holding raw materials and letting industry fend for itself. Since these are international markets, and since some of the commodities are dollar commodities, holders of sterling outside this country find the pound will buy what dollars will. In other words, while everyone talks about making sterling convertible, in effect it's already becoming so.

Builders are advertising houses for *sale*, cost £1,900 freehold, no legal charges, no road costs, repayments 39s.5d a week. Hitherto, virtually all new houses have been for letting only.

Packets of Players cigarettes lie around *above* the counter without a buyer in sight. Not brands no Englishman ever heard of before the shortage, but Players!

The housewife can now buy decorated china. Not phoney export rejects at exorbitant prices but the genuine article at merely high prices.

Now all this—and I could quote a good many more items and still not exhaust my catalogue—may not sound very impressive to a North American audience. But to postwar Britain it does amount to a revolution. As such, it's worth examination.

How did it happen? As a firm believer in monetary discipline, I'd like to give all the credit to Mr. R. A. Butler's new monetary policy. Certainly, that new policy has been a potent influence. Industry, which earlier had found itself encouraged by ultra cheap credit to hoard stocks of raw materials, now finds hoarding too expensive. There's pressure from the bank to reduce your overdraft. Your house mortgage costs you more. Money is just that little bit scarcer.

But there have been other factors at work. Mr. Butler's Budget cut about £150 millions off the food subsidies, and although he gave tax and other concessions which went part of the way to offset the effect,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

© KARSH

ROY H. DAVIS, President of Atlas Steels Ltd.

Who's Who in Business

SIXTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Roy H. Davis is an energetic man whose five years' U.S. Naval Service (as an ordnance officer) before and during World War I still show in his manner. Tall and sparely-built (6ft. 1 inch, 170 lbs.), he rarely sits back in relaxation either at work or in his farm-style home at Fonthill, Ont., where family parties reunite his three married daughters, his son Richard, and six grandchildren.

It was while he was manager of the Crucible Steel Company's Park works at Pittsburgh that he started visiting Canada, first for hunting and fishing, later on business. He liked what he saw. "Canada impressed me; I felt I could almost see it growing", he has said since. "It became an inspiration to me because of the great opportunity which future development offered".

On one of his combined business and pleasure trips north of the border he saw just the steel plant he wanted. It was small and ill-equipped but he was aware of its terrific potentialities and had confidence he could do the job. So he bought it and set about raising money for improvements.

With earnest conviction, he toured the Pittsburgh area seeking funds. And to one man who wanted to visit the firm in which he was being asked to invest $10,000 the new president replied: "You don't want to see the plant. It's nothing much but some old machinery and old buildings. I'm asking you to invest your belief in *me* and what I can make of that plant".

Roy H. Davis got his money—more besides. And what he has made of that cramped little steelworks at Welland, Ontario, has become part of Canadian industrial history and set a pattern for steelmen the world over.

In June of this year Atlas Steels Limited, a 100-acre colossus which now sprawls for over a mile along the side of the murky Welland Canal, celebrates its 25th year under the presidency of the former Oregonian who became so fond of Canada he was naturalized 18 years ago.

It has been a quarter century of almost unbroken success. Right from the start the company returned a profit and has continued to do so. It is a tribute to his steady hand and breadth of vision that Atlas not only survived the 1929 Stock Market crash, less than a year after the firm's incep-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON, ENG. WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER VICTORIA
LONDON KITCHENER BRANTFORD HAMILTON OTTAWA QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

Eagle Star
Insurance Company Limited
of London, England

•

The British Crown
Assurance Corporation Limited
of Glasgow, Scotland

•

British Northwestern
Insurance Company

•

Security National
Insurance Company

•

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA
Eagle Star Bldg., 217 Bay St., Toronto

J.H. RIDDEL, Manager for Canada
R. HOLROYDE, Assistant Manager

BRANCH OFFICES—Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

Dominion Textile Co. Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st March, 1953, payable 16th April, 1953, to shareholders of record 16th March, 1953.

By order of the Board,
R. D. ARCHIBALD,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 18th, 1953.

Dominion Textile Co. Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A FINAL DIVIDEND of fifteen cents (15c) per share for the year ending 31st March, 1953, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, payable 1st April 1953, to shareholders of record 5th March, 1953.

By order of the Board,
R. D. ARCHIBALD,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 18th, 1953.

Gold & Dross

General Motors

WOULD *you consider General Motors a good investment at the present price of 66? They seem to be expecting a good year, by all reports. Do you think I should wait for a while before buying any stocks?—L. A. E. Oshawa.*

General Motors must be rated as one of the best investment stocks in the country. As the largest corporation in the world, it not only supplies more than 40 per cent of all cars sold on this continent but it has important divisions such as Allison, which supplies jet engines for aircraft, Frigidaire, household appliances, and numerous sub-divisions producing roller bearings, electrical equipment, etc.

The current prospects are for continued high level production of cars and trucks as material limitations ease. Competition in the automobile field is likely to be intensified this year as all producers are stepping up their sales efforts.

This sales outlook could be drastically revised should the new U.S. Administration reapply credit controls and force higher down payments and shorter financing periods for cars.

In this event General Motors would still be better off than any other motor company as the Company's profit margins are much greater than the others, averaging some 20 per cent before taxes.

The present dividend rate of $4 per year seems in little danger in any event, for estimated earnings for 1953 appear to be about $6.

Marketwise, the picture appears a little different. The stock has recently topped at 69¾ and reacted to 65. The imposition of credit controls would likely bring some selling in the motor stocks and an extension of the decline to around 58 seems possible from the technical point of view. Should the market suffer a severe decline, the 1952 low of 50 could be tested.

We would suggest that you exercise patience and purchase small lots on a scale down on weakness as the dividend yield approaches 8 per cent.

Quebec Labrador

I AM THE *owner of shares in Quebec Labrador and should be obliged if you could give me any information as to its present position and future prospects.—C. J. L., Vancouver.*

Latest reports on Quebec Labrador say that work has been concentrated in the southern part of the property covered by the exploration license. There an area of some 150 square miles has been selected for more extensive prospecting.

It is planned to fly a magnetometer survey of this, and surrounding country, to locate low reading anomalies, that is, areas where the lowest magnetism is concentrated. The purpose of this is to outline possible concentrations of haematite ore that will have a low enough silica content to be considered commercial grade ore.

If satisfactory indications develop, a drilling program will be laid out. This work, obviously, will take considerable time to complete so that definite results will not be obtainable for some months.

While the annual report for 1952 is not yet available, we are told that treasury funds have been maintained by the sale of stock under option. At last report, 4,791,671 shares of the 5 million authorized have been issued.

Royal Dutch Petroleum

I AM TOLD *that the only way an investor can secure an interest in the Shell Oil Company of Canada is through the purchase of Royal Dutch Petroleum shares. I find no mention of this stock either in New York or Toronto listings. Can you tell me where this stock is traded and something about the company, and would you consider it a good investment?—R. A. B., Toronto.*

The stock of Shell of Canada is owned equally by the Shell Oil Co. of America and the Shell Caribbean Co., and is not available to the public. As these companies lead back to the parent Dutch-British companies it is best, perhaps, to begin at the top of the pyramid of companies and work down to explain the corporate set up of what is known as the Royal Dutch-Shell group.

Royal Dutch Petroleum holds 60 per cent and Shell Transport and Trading of London holds 40 per cent of all the stock of three main subsidiaries: The Batavian Petroleum Co., The Shell Petroleum Co., and The Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co. These are the principal operating companies.

Batavian, besides Far Eastern operations, controls Shell Carribbean (100 per cent) Shell of America, (65 per cent) and Shell of Canada (50 per cent). Shell Petroleum contro!s a number of subsidiaries and is distributing agent for the "group" in Europe. Anglo-Saxon manages the transportation business which includes the world's largest tanker fleet of nearly 600 ships.

The "group," which represents some 400 companies engaged in every phase of the oil business from crude

production to petrochemicals, produced, transported, refined and marketed in 1951, some 549 million barrels of oil in its world wide operations or 12½ per cent of the world's supply.

The "group" is exceeded in size only by Standard Oil of New Jersey and the tremendous post-war expansion, which has been financed out of earnings, is increasing its stature rapidly.

Royal Dutch is traded "over the counter" in New York and by some Toronto brokers in what are known as New York shares issued by the Chase National Bank. Negotiations are reportedly under way to have the stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange and possibly the Toronto Exchange. It currently is trading at 26 where the 1952 dividend of $1.70 gives a yield of nearly 6 per cent.

Shell of America is listed on the New York exchange and currently sells at 68½ with a dividend of $3.00.

Thus either stock will give you participation in Shell of Canada. Both must be considered as investment class stocks. Royal Dutch, having doubled its assets in the post-war years, has a book value of $43 per share if the holdings of Shell of America are included. It is the only major oil company selling below book value.

As an investment we have no hesitation in recommending the stock for long term holding. As the "group" is the principal supplier of fuel oils to perennially coal hungry Europe earnings should hold up better than the major American oil companies in the event of a decline in business activity and dividends should hold stable and possibly increase with much of the expansion programs completed.

Kenwell Oil

I HAVE *been advised to purchase some Kenwell Oil as an investment. What is your opinion?—I. C., New Toronto.*

From the terms of the option agreements, shown in the prospectus, where the stock is optioned to the sponsor at 40 cents a share, it would require a great deal of imagination to class this issue as an investment at the current market price of 1.71. Get a copy of the prospectus and read the option agreements.

Micromatic Hone

A STOCK *called Micromatic Hone was recently recommended to me. I understand it is traded on the American Stock Exchange. Can you give me any information on the company? —W. K. M., Toronto.*

Micromatic Hone is the leading American producer of honing equipment. These machine tools are used in the production of automotive engines, guns and other products where a very accurate and smooth finish is demanded in cylinders, etc.

The company is an important supplier to the automotive industry and the broad retooling program for new models, together with the defence programs has increased demands for their equipment.

Like other machine tool builders they have been subject to the usual cyclic pattern of machine tool demand and have had to bear a heavy load of excess profits taxes due to their low, pre-Korean, tax base.

Reduction of the excess profits taxes next June should improve earnings considerably and permit an increase in the dividend rate, now $1 per annum. This dividend at the current American Stock Exchange market price of 13½ offers a yield of 7½ per cent. Thus the stock appears to be a reasonably priced investment.

Montreal Locomotive

WHAT IS *the outlook for Montreal Locomotive Works?—G. A. R., Toronto.*

Montreal Locomotive is primarily a capital goods producer. It produces diesel electric locomotives, and equipment for the steel, petroleum, petrochemical and other industries.

As such it is very dependent upon a high level of industrial and railroad activity, when capital expenditures are made for the expansion of plants and the renewing of older facilities.

While, as a spokesman for the company recently stated, the short term prospects of the firm are good although costs are expected to rise somewhat, the longer term outlook does not appear too favourable. New capital investments are showing a decline, after a more than 100 per cent increase in our productive capacity, and may decline more sharply if the deflationary forces evident in declining commodity prices and increased interest rates expand into other fields.

The downward trend the stock has followed for more than a year would seem to discount such possibilities and the dividend of 80 cents, offering a yield of 5.3 per cent makes the stock rather unattractive as an investment medium at present prices.

Gridoil

WHAT IS *your opinion of Gridoil? No news ever seems to appear on it. I would like to get some idea of the prospects for this company and what development work they are doing. —F. H. B., Hamilton.*

Gridoil is still essentially a land play with properties checkerboarded throughout the southern halves of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Acreage totalled 523,000 acres at last report. This places the company in an excellent position to take advantage of any discoveries made in the Williston Basin by active exploration companies.

With no production to offset the cost of rentals and leases on the holdings, working capital is subject to a steady depletion and until a drilling program actually develops oil or gas reserves Gridoil must be considered a pure speculation.

An Important Difference

The difference between a conservative investment and one involving a speculative risk of capital is not always clear to investors.

If you are in doubt about the safety of principal or income from any security you now hold or contemplate buying, you are invited to consult with us. We will gladly supply you facts upon which to base your decision to buy or sell.

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont. Kitchener
Regina Edmonton Calgary Victoria
London, Eng. Chicago New York

W & W
Established 1908

We offer a complete statistical and analytical service to individuals and institutions.

WATT & WATT

6-8 Jordan Street
TORONTO

MEMBERS
TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE
MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE
WINNIPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE
INVESTMENT DEALERS ASSN. OF CANADA

Telephone
EM. 3-7151

Private wires to
MONTREAL - NEW YORK - FORT WILLIAM - PORT ARTHUR - WINNIPEG
LONDON, ONT. - BUFFALO
Branch offices: Fort William, Port Arthur and London, Ontario.

Babson's Canadian Reports Limited

Publishers Of

BABSON'S PERSONAL INVESTMENT SERVICE — for business men and investors. Subscribers receive personal analyses of holdings—specific buy and sell advices—consultation privileges. Price $112.00 yearly.

AND

BABSON'S "REPORTS ON CANADIAN MINES" — a bulletin service of special value to those whose principal interest lies in mining stocks. An excellent source from which to obtain FACTS before committing funds to mining securities. Price $45.00 yearly.

For a nominal sum we will send you the current, and next two issues of bulletins of either or both of these nationally-known services.

REMEMBER —
PREPARATION TODAY = PROFITS TOMORROW

BABSON'S CANADIAN REPORTS LTD.,
511 HARBOUR COMMISSION BLDG.,
TORONTO 1, ONTARIO.

Dear Sirs:
Please send me the following TRIAL SERVICE(S):

Babson's Personal Investment Service— $2.00 attached.
Babson's "Reports On Canadian Mines"— $2.00 attached.
—Both Services —$3.00 attached.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY OR TOWN ..... PROV. .....
(Please PRINT clearly) SN

Is it WISE to trust your customer more than you trust yourself?

Businessmen insure their capital from loss through embezzlement, theft and fire . . . yet many neglect to protect the same capital when it becomes an "account receivable."

CREDIT losses represent working capital . . . and its earning power . . . gone forever. Your customer's "promise to pay" can be a positive asset when it is backed by American Credit Insurance, the GUARANTEE that receivables will be paid.

SEND FOR NEW BOOK, "Credit Insurance and Your Company." It tells how and why businessmen last year protected sales of over 5 billion dollars with American Credit Insurance. For your copy, contact our office in your city or write American Credit Indemnity Company of New York, Dept. 53, Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke, or First National Bank Building, Baltimore 2, Maryland.

protect your capital
. . . invest in security

CANADIAN DIVISION

American Credit Insurance

guarantees payment of accounts receivable

OFFICES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL AND SHERBROOKE

AMERICAN CREDIT INDEMNITY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
H. S. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Bonds

Higher Yields A Caution Note

THERE is a traditional warning signal in the securities markets these days.

Old hands on the street always appear worried when bonds give a better income than common stocks. Bond yields are at their highest point in fifteen years. It is not uncommon to find that bonds and debentures of good Canadian companies now give a better annual income for your investment dollar than do common shares of the same companies.

For example, if we invested $860 in a $1,000 Imperial Oil Limited, 3% debenture due 1969, we would get an annual income of $30 while an investment of $875.00 in 25 shares of Imperial Oil Common would bring only $20 at present dividend rates. The same is true of Dominion Stores Limited, 5% bonds and its shares. Other examples could be cited.

It is recognized that companies in certain industries have a greater potential for increased dividends than exists in others. The fact remains however, that a maladjustment is evident when the senior securities of any company give a better income to the investor than common shares. Either bond prices are too low or stock prices are too high. Perhaps a look at the U.S. market will give us some key.

The bonds and debentures of our own Canadian corporations, from the standpoint of return of the investment, are in the main much more attractive than those of similar companies in the U.S.A. Again, if a thousand dollars were invested in Bell Telephone 4½%, due 1967, the annual income would be $45; while on an investment at today's cost of $93 (U.S.), a thousand dollar debenture of American Telephone & Telegraph Co., 2¾%, due 1975, would bring in only $27.50 per year.

THE contrary is true of the common stocks of these companies, in each case a better return on the investment being obtainable from the U.S. counterpart. In brief, certain Canadian common shares appear high in price in relation to similar U.S. stocks and Canadian bonds are quite evidently low in price in relation to U.S. bonds.

The significance of this may be that Canadians, and the many others interested in Canadian securities, are placing far more stress on the growth potential of common stocks than upon the security to be found in senior well protected bonds and debentures of our corporations. Consequently stocks are bid up to levels which future earnings may or may not justify, while bonds and debentures are by comparison neglected.

The highlights in bond financing of direct interest to the Canadian investor so far this year have been:

The 100 million Government of Canada, 3¾%, due January 15, 1978, offered to give a return of 3.85%. This issue was only moderately well received by the average investor. It is felt that this issue is only the forerunner of a much larger one which may be more attractive.

The 5 million Cockshutt Farm Equipment Ltd. 5%, convertible Fund debentures due February 1, 1968, offered to yield 5%. The debentures at the option of the holder are convertible into common shares at the rate of 60 shares per $1,000 debenture, *i.e.*, at a price of 16⅔ per share up to 1956 and at a higher prices thereafter. These debentures were well-received and are selling at a small premium over issue price.

ROSS J. OSBORNE

Roy H. Davis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

tion, but actually grew in the depression years that followed.

Some of Canada's bounding industrial development since the thirties can be traced to Atlas Steel and its energetic and farsighted president. Scarcely an industry throughout the Dominion carries on its operations without the gleaming tool steel, the high speed or cold drawn, the stainless and hollow drill mining steels of which Atlas is the country's main producer.

Partly as a result of gigantic wartime expansion to fulfil governmental contracts (the plant increased in size some 700 per cent) the postwar years have shown the most remarkable gains of all. Net profits of $3,470,019 for 1951 were almost triple the previous year's figures and more than eight times the figure for 1939.

There have been many major Davis innovations: Canada's first mill for the hot rolling of stainless steel sheet; the country's first mill for hot and cold stainless strip; and, last year, the installation of the first continuous production casting equipment for steel in North America, which may help to bypass lengthy processes through ingot molds and blooming mills.

And so the man who asked for confidence in 1928 can claim accomplishment two and a half decades later. Atlas workers enjoy high wages, safe working conditions and better-than-average opportunities for personal advancement. It is typical of Roy Davis's regard for them that he had Karsh take pictures of his men at their work. "Steel manufacture", he says, "requires self-reliance, individual effort and independent thinking and the pictures helped them to gain the dignity their work deserves".

JOHN WILCOCK

Quiet Revolution

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

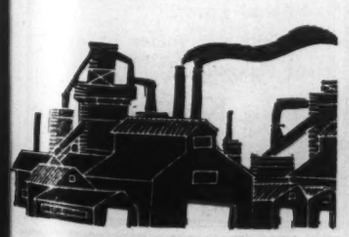
some net burden remained for the consumer. There has been a small increase in unemployment (although the last figure represented under 2 per cent of the working population) and some increase in short-time working. The home market has benefited from what the economists call "frustrated exports"—goods originally made for overseas markets which couldn't be sold there and were in consequence thrown back to the home buyer. Generally, when there's something new, or extra quantities to be bought, the price is up a bit, which means you buy less of something else.

And so it goes on. It all approximates very closely to what some of us suspected all along: a sellers' market that was confidently expected to last ten years disappears virtually overnight with a 5 per cent increase in supply and a 5 per cent fall in demand. And psychologically, the overall effect can be very important, through every nook and cranny in the economy.

UP TILL the middle of 1952, it's almost certain that a general election would have returned the Labor Party to office.

We were all a bit sceptical about the result of the Wycombe by-election in November last year, when the Conservatives retained the seat with an increased majority despite the fact that the Buckinghamshire furniture industry had been having a thin time. After all, we said, Mr. Aneurin Bevan probably drove a lot of Liberals and moderate Socialists into the Conservatives' arms. But since then, to judge from the periodic opinion polls conducted by the *News-Chronicle*, we have seen that Wycombe was no flash in the pan. Slowly and steadily, the tide has swung back into the Conservatives' favor.

IT IS not only the political tide that has swung either. There were many who feared that the battle the Labor politicians lost at the polls in October, 1951, would be won for them subsequently on the factory floor by industrial strife and strikes. Here again, however, the worst fears have not been realized. Industrial output, it is true, fell by 3 per cent in 1952. But that fall reflected in the main shortages of raw materials such as steel, the setback in the consumer goods trades early in the year and the difficulties our motor car trade, for example, is experiencing in export markets. On the whole, industrial labor has worked well under the new government.



None of this, of course, should be taken to mean that it will be roses, roses, all the way for the Conservatives from now on. Without much doubt Mr. Butler was much too lenient with us last year. The budgetary concessions were too many and too big. The size of the deficit as the current year draws to a close suggests they will be smaller and fewer next time. There were the pump-priming sorties to rescue the consumer goods trades, the Churchillian intervention to prevent rail fares from rising. Wage increases were the second largest of any year on record.

If the decisions reached at the recent Commonwealth Conference are to make any sense, the British public, with its role of capital provider for the rest of the Empire, faces a period of higher exports, greater savings and reduced consumption. It remains to be seen whether the fiscal policies necessary to produce these things will be as palatable as the fiscal policies of 1952. But at least 1952 has one overwhelming credit. The British people got reacquainted with freedom. And, looking on its face, they found it pleasant. If they find it worth working for—really working for—in 1953, this country can still save itself by its exertions and other parts of the world by its example.

One of a series featuring R.C.A.F. squadrons

R.C.A.F. Sabre Jets Over Paris.
After five years overseas service in World War II, Squadron 416 is stationed in Europe as part of Canada's contribution to N.A.T.O. forces.

Meeting the Challenge

In forty-one months in the long air battle of World War II, Squadron 416 guarded our shipping . . . shared in attacks on enemy convoys . . . took toll of railway stock and vehicles.

This famous squadron is once again in Europe . . . re-equipped as a fighter unit with Canadair-built F-86* jet fighters . . . ready to accept its role in defence of the peace.

Canada looks with deep pride to the men who make up her Royal Canadian Air Force. And Canadair, and all its people, experience a great sense of accomplishment in building the planes our pilots fly.

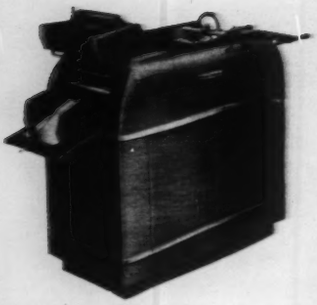
*Made under licence from North American Aviation, Inc.

CANADAIR
LIMITED, MONTREAL

CANADAIR—
A Good Place to Work

Thomas J. Collinson is a young man who, after serious thought, decided that he would like to work in aircraft . . . he started as an apprentice at Canadair seven years ago, and he says:
"When I made up my mind to work in aircraft, it was because I was looking for a line of work that had a good future. As I look around the plant and see some of the world's finest jet planes rolling off our lines, I know that I made the right decision . . . for there is an unlimited future in the aircraft industry".
There's an eagerness in Tom Collinson that can be found in hundreds of the young men who are today finding careers at Canadair . . . doing the work they like to do . . . and who will tell you any day, that Canadair 'is a good place to work'.
CAS3-6T

...the swing is to
ADDRESSOGRAPH MULTIGRAPH
for time saving!



There's no longer any need to "stock-pile" business forms...you save money when they never go out of date. Multigraph duplicators—and the approved Multilith Duplicating Process—give you few or many sharp, clear permanent copies in Black or colors, for Purchase Order, Production Control, Order-Billing and similar routines.

Your nearby Multigraph branch can tell you about these production machines for business records...and of their advantages to you. Ask today!

ADDRESSOGRAPH-MULTIGRAPH of Canada Limited
TORONTO, ONTARIO
Sales and Service Branches Across Canada

Addressograph-Multigraph SM

for all kinds of Sales-Promotion Printing

FOLDERS
BOOKLETS
DISPLAYS
POSTERS
CATALOGUES
BROADSIDES
DIRECT MAIL
PUBLICATIONS

call
saturday night press

71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO
A Complete Advertising-Printing Service

Insurance

Companies Don't Renege

IT IS a continuing source of surprise that there are people who go around damning Insurance and all its works. They are highly vocal as a rule. One of the milder charges most frequently preferred is that "insurance companies never pay a blankety cent they don't have to."

When this noisy assertion is encountered, it is always a temptation to retaliate: "Would *you* hand out money you didn't have to, you dyspeptic old Pharisee?" But the fact that insurance companies *do* hand out money, quite often, far beyond the written word of their obligations, prescribes defence tactics in place of this spirited onslaught. It isn't hard to dig up instances of insurance company magnanimity, although these institutions are extremely chary of publicizing their better natures.

Claimants under any kind of policy are of four basic types: 1), frank and intelligent; 2), stupid and stubborn; 3), smart Alecky and 4), dishonest. The first predominates. That dour fractional per cent involved in the ruck forms a subversive element that does (and begets) most of the sounding-off about insurance.

STUPE—type 2 claimant—roars loudly on a single note after he hits the hydro pole with his car. He won't accept the front end and fender repair job. The car is insured, isn't it? He wants a new car, no less, and by crikey he'll have it.

After repeated exposure to this unyielding monologue, the adjuster furnishes the man with blank proofs of loss, some instructions, and politely backs out. There ensues for Stupe a round of calls on the Law, rising blood pressure and lost time. Exasperated, he finally snatches the perfectly equitable settlement offered him in the first place. Resentment over defeat is thereafter loudly voiced in pubs—and there is no better "pile" to set up a chain reaction than those places!

"Lucky Three," the next case calls himself. Smart Alec isn't exactly a crook—he's a gambler. As an insurance claimant all he wants to do is get away with something; just to "put one over" the insurance company—for laughs, maybe.

One of Alec's outbuildings burned. The adjuster found this was straightforward enough, but he nailed a protesting Alec in a barefaced lie about the building's contents. Adjusters do not react kindly to such shenanigans, and so the prankster waited a long time for a less than propitiatory settlement. Now it's all over, the poker pals of another indignant claimant can be depended on to broadcast an untruth about insurance companies.

SLOW MAN in the claim index is a rascal and gets short shrift from adjusters, insurance companies and—alas, too rarely—the law. He is an arsonist or an embezzler or one who deliberately schemes to profit improperly under contracts of insurance. The tragedy about this ever-present (if happily not too numerous) example of a claimant is that, ex-convict or not, he spreads the lying legend of an insurance company's defection.

Whenever the old chestnut crops up that imputes dishonor to Insurance, it is a hundred to one the statement stems from some off-color or bone-headed policyholder's experience.

Insurance companies don't renege.

G. L. PRATT

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

$12,000,000 paid in Dividends

This is the total paid by Canadian Investment Fund to shareholders since its incorporation in 1932. There have been 80 consecutive payments.

Canadian Investment Fund offers a widely diversified investment in Canada's industrial growth.

Write for folder giving full information. Address Dept. "A".

Ross, Knowles & Co.

Members:
The Toronto Stock Exchange
The Investment Dealers' Association of Canada

330 Bay St., Toronto, Canada

Films

High Gloss Emotion in Hollywood

SELF-EXAMINATION is a difficult practice under the best circumstances and Hollywood, which has lived and prospered on illusion for upwards of half a century, is probably not the ideal recorder of its own case-histories. Any picture about Hollywood, by Hollywood, is bound to present the subject with all its makeup on. It looks more natural that way, not only to Hollywood but to the world outside.

The Bad and the Beautiful, the industry's latest experiment in self-analysis, is no exception to this rule. Script-writer Charles Schnee and Director Vincent Minelli have worked hard to present an account of West Coast dreams, ambitions, triumphs and lapses, but in spite of their best efforts the impenetrable high gloss surface is always present between the observer and the subject. The beautiful are wonderfully beautiful, even when drunk, vicious and disorderly. The bad, even when they are busy cutting each other's throats, have any amount of high-voltage charm. Without the looks and the charm and special lighting they can't be made to mean anything. Yet they can't be made to mean very much outside these special advantages.

The focal character here is a ruthless producer (Kirk Douglas) and the story tells how he manipulates the lives of a star (Lana Turner), a director (Barry Sullivan), and a writer (Dick Powell.) The three have unmixed feelings towards their benefactor—they all hate him. However, a front-office tycoon (Walter Pidgeon) gets them together and explains how much they actually owe their enemy. Thanks to the brutal treatment of her producer the actress, once headed for bit parts and dipsomania, is now a radiant star. The director, after a rough kicking around by his colleague, went on to win an Oscar. The author has perhaps even more to forgive, since it was his producer's busy planning that helped to make him a widower. However, his bereavement stimulated him to write a Pulitzer Prize novel as a tribute to his late wife (Gloria Grahame); so that apparently squares that. In the end they all appeared ready to relent and take the sinner back once more into their lives.

It all sounds rather foolish on paper. On celluloid, however, with everybody playing on the home ground, it has a rather special air of authority. Only it goes on too long, too long. Eventually you feel the same sense of stupefaction that you get after an hour under the dryer with a movie-magazine. You have seen too much patio-living, too many lamé gowns edged with fox, too many lacquered hairdos, and parties, and flawless profiles.

It is possible that this is the only way the film community can be presented. Maybe when you scratch Hollywood you just find more Hollywood.

THE HOAXSTERS is a dramatic short designed to show that totalitarianism, while it wears various faces, represents a single threat. It opens with a sequence showing a snake-oil salesman in full cry, then goes on to demonstrate how the snake-oil of Nazism, Fascism and Communism are sold to the believing masses. While it is a considerable simplification of recent political history *The Hoaxsters* presents a formidable argument, backed as it is by newsreel shots of the spell-bound

The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN. WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON

SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT

Balance Sheet as at December 31st, 1952

ASSETS

Real Estate (Head Office Buildings)		$ 10,000.00
INVESTMENTS:		
Bonds and Debentures at Book Value		1,851,378.67
Par Value	$1,856,853.93	
Dom. Govt. Authorized Value	$1,709,604.60	
Deposits with Trust Companies for investment		15,000.00
Cash on Hand		8,223.33
CASH IN BANK:		
Canadian Bank of Commerce, Portage la Prairie, Man.		214,838.00
Interest accrued on investments		16,965.58
Agents' Balances and Premiums uncollected		110,978.32
Unpaid Assessments		14,351.72
Amount of Loan Secured by Bond		2,500.00
Surrender Value of Life Insurance Policies		2,020.70
Admitted Assets		$2,246,256.32
CONTINGENT ASSETS:		
Amount of reserve for unlicensed, unsecured Re-Insurance		$ 34,792.32
Unassessed Premium Notes		1,417,202.47

LIABILITIES

Unpaid Claims in Process of Adjustment		$ 69,094.23
LESS: Re-Insurance Thereon		9,068.96
Unpaid Claims—Net		60,025.27
Reserve of Unearned Premiums (Dominion Government Standard)		509,658.49
Reinsurance Premiums Held as Reserve		232,094.51
Reinsurance Accounts Payable		43,844.49
Sundry Accounts and Accrued Taxes		45,836.20
Provisions for Income Taxes		23,711.37
Total Liabilities		915,170.33
GENERAL RESERVES:		
Reserve for Future Fluctuation of Investments	$155,000.00	
Reserve for Contingencies	20,000.00	
Reserve for unlicensed, unsecured, Reinsurance	34,792.32	$209,792.32
Total Liabilities and Reserve		$1,124,962.65
SURPLUS:		
Unallotted Surplus		1,121,293.67
TOTAL		$2,246,256.32

CERTIFICATE TO POLICYHOLDERS

We certify that we have audited the books, accounts and vouchers of The Portage la Prairie Mutual Insurance Company for the year ended 31st December, 1952. We have obtained all the information and explanations required, and after due consideration, have formed an independent opinion as to the financial position of the Company. In our opinion so formed the Balance Sheet herewith is properly drawn up so as to present a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as at 31st December, 1952, according to the best of our information, the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Company. All transactions of the Company that have come under our notice have been within the objects and powers of the Company.

Winnipeg, Canada, January 15th, 1953.

G. B. HARE & CO., C.A., Auditors.

C. MILLER, Q.C., President — E. H. MUIR, Vice President — A. H. THORPE, General Manager — E. M. BROWN, Treasurer

DIRECTORS: E. D. ALDER, Q.C., E. H. MUIR, J. C. MILLER, Q.C., JAMES McKENZIE, E. L. KITCHEN, G. G. TIDSBURY, ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Q.C., LL.D., J. T. TRIMBLE, HON. D. L. CAMPBELL, LL.D., M.L.A.

THE OLDEST CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE COMPANY IN WESTERN CANADA

The Company operates under the Dominion Insurance Act and is subject to Annual Inspection by Dominion Government Officials.

FIRE AND WINDSTORM

masses in Nuremburg and in the Roman square beneath Mussolini's famous balcony. As a final warning we are shown the awful blackened filigree which is all that is left of once prosperous sections of German cities.

This is perhaps the most openly anti-Communist film ever issued by Hollywood, and the producers were wise to insert a steadying note advising the public against witch-hunting and cold-war hysteria. It is an energetically organized film, which should meet the approval of all anti-communist groups. It is doubtful, however, if it will act as a deterrent to the more fanatical patrons of international snake-oil.

I GOT A good deal of simple-minded pleasure out of *The Treasure of The Golden Condor* because it reminded me of rainy days spent in the attic with old numbers of the *Boys' Own Paper*.

The Treasure of The Golden Condor has very much the flavor of the old *B.O.P.*, which at one time would buy up almost any serial having to do with ancient Inca or Mayan civilizations. There are a number of differences, to be sure. The hero (Cornel Wilde) is a young Eighteenth Century Frenchman instead of a stout British lad, and there is a heroine (Constance Smith) who would never have got by the editorial board of the *Boys' Own Paper*. She is a beautiful but rather severe girl who disapproves of her father and his French protegé and doesn't want any part of the Treasure. She goes, however, into the Guatemalan jungle, wearing a becoming striped *serape* and an attractive little red hat.

The rest of the picture fortunately comes directly under the Boys' Juvenile Section—the wronged hero, the wicked uncle, the escape to Guatemala, earthquakes, ruins, coiled pythons, with everything leading up to the Treasure itself, attractively set out behind a crumbling wall on a refectory table.

Cornel Wilde is muscular and active and seems a good deal more at home in a Boys' Own Annual serial than in an interpretation of the life of Chopin.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

. Our Busy Politicians

(From the Official Report on Commons Debates)

MR. STUART (Charlotte): Has the hon. member ever produced sugar beets, fish or anything else in his lifetime?

MR. HANSELL (Macleod): I did not get the first part of the question.

MR. STUART: Has the hon. member ever produced sugar beets, agricultural products or fisheries products?

MR. RILEY (Saint John-Albert): No, but he read a book.

AN HON. MEMBER: "It's in the book".

MR. HANSELL: I have not produced sugar beets except in my own backyard and I have never produced any fish except those I have caught with hook, line and sinker.

MR. RILEY: Were they voters?

MR. STUART: You want to try it because you might change your mind.

SOME HON. MEMBERS: Order.

MR. HANSELL: Mr. Speaker, in order for one to familiarize oneself with fish or sugar beets, it is not necessary for one to have grown them. I might ask my friend if he has ever preached a sermon in his life.

MR. STUART: I think perhaps I have.

MR. HANSELL: Well, that is very good.

MR. RILEY: His sermon has some sense to it.

MR. KNOWLES: (Winnipeg North Centre): Was it on smuggling?

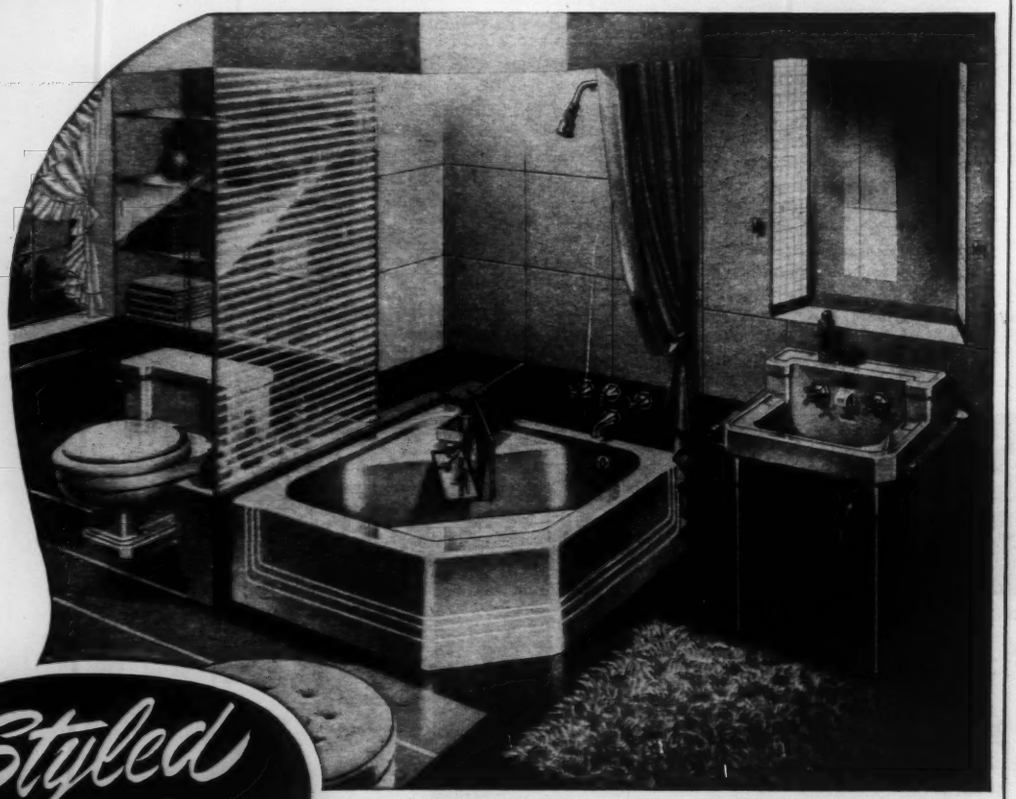
AN HON. MEMBER: It was not stolen anyway.

MR. HANSELL: I am glad to know that my hon. friend has preached a sermon, but even if he had not I would say that he had a perfect right to criticize a preacher.

•

Last year she went west as far as enora and she reports all audiences warm and apprecietev in iggger centres like Fort William and smaller ones like Geraldton where a cat came to the concert.—*From a report in the Toronto Globe and Mail.*

For ourselves, we don't care much for this modern stuff.



Styled TO STIR YOUR PRIDE

An Ultra Modern Bathroom "Standard-Dominion" Equipped

You'll be justly proud of your new Standard-Dominion equipped bathroom . . . *for nothing could be finer!* A careful study of the modern setting illustrated above will convince you.

Here you see the new, stylish Companion Lavatory and the Master One-Piece Closet both in genuine vitreous china and the Neo-Angle . . . most modern of cast iron enamelled baths. All are available in white and three striking colours; Corallin, Ming Green and Clair de Lune Blue. For powder rooms, the Companion Lavatory and Master One-Piece Closet can also be supplied in T'ang Red.

Plan now to modernize your bathroom with Standard-Dominion fixtures and fittings . . . your wisest choice for style, convenience and durability.

FREE HOME BOOK

Pictures a wide choice of kitchen sinks, bathroom fixtures, and heating equipment of all types available through heating and plumbing retailers who sell, service and install. Get these money-saving facts—just mail this coupon.

Standard Sanitary & Dominion Radiator Limited
Box 39, Station D
TORONTO, Canada

Please send me your free HOME BOOK.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
Province .....
26

I am interested in:
Building .....
Modernizing .....
Heating:
Radiator .....
Warm Air .....
Plumbing:
Bathroom .....
Kitchen .....

Standard-Dominion PLUMBING-HEATING

STANDARD SANITARY & DOMINION RADIATOR

Toronto, Canada Limited

SERVING HOME AND INDUSTRY

Standard-Dominion PLUMBING AND HEATING

Women

Portugal & Ward

LADY TUPPER of Winnipeg (story on following page).

Conversation Pieces:

ANOTHER chance to get triskedekaphobia this month if you're in Greek word category of having "a fear of Friday the thirteenth" . . . ancient belief that aquamarine, the March birthstone, imparted fearlessness and amiability to its wearer . . . Calgarian Betty Mitchell, annual director-competitor in Dominion Drama Festivals, spending three months at the *Alliance Française* in Paris, "to improve my faltering French" as she recently wrote us . . . Mr. and Mrs. Gordon M. Letson of Vancouver en route to two months in South Africa, by plane first to London, England, to visit Mr. Letson's sister, Mrs. Beverley Baxter . . . Elizabeth Arden's new "Basic Sheen" liquid make-up base . . . Norman Hartnell visiting in Montreal . . . the utilitarian refrigerator, face lifted into the interior decoration class with a new model designed to be covered with matching kitchen curtain or tablecloth material . . . square pie tins on sale in New York . . . Quebec champion skier, Rosemarie Schutz of Mont Gabriel Ski Club . . . Frances Dafoe and Norris Bowden back from second spot at the World Figure Skating Championships (SATURDAY NIGHT featured them January 31) to compete in North American championships . . . the Toronto Skating Club Carnival next week . . . The Provincial Legislatures now hard at work after opening highlights that included the maiden speech of Saskatchewan's only woman MP, Mrs. J. E. Cooper of Regina, and the important Emily Post question faced by BC's Education Minister, Tilly Rolston, as to whether a lady cabinet minister wears a hat in the House (she didn't) . . . Three cairn terriers owned by Mrs. George W. Hyslop of Brockville, Ont., sweeping the boards at dogdom's snooty 77th Westminster Kennel Club show in New York . . . Princess Gourielli (beauty authority Helena Rubinstein) airmailing impressions of the French couturier shows, with comments on Maggy Rouff's interest in white organdy, Schiaparelli's use of "pants" for sportswear . . . women getting a hefty pat on the back from a New York assembly line official whose company prefers women to men for the obvious-to-women reasons of steadier nerves, keener eyesight and more patience . . . a seed catalogue suggesting everbearing strawberries as a border hedge and March as indoor planting time . . . Five Pacific northwest Altrusa clubs in first get-together dinner in honor of newly formed Victoria and Nanaimo clubs . . . the Collectors' Pieces at Toronto's Art Gallery, including a 3-ounce silver bleeding bowl from around 1680 . . . March, the first month of the new year before the Julian Calendar, and called "Hlyd-monath"—loud or stormy month—by the Anglo-Saxons . . . Montreal's B'nai B'rith producing a book called "Women's Work"—never done, of course—and naturally including recipes and fashion notes . . . the Victoria wedding of Norah Ann Hughes, granddaughter of Brig.-Gen and Mrs. W. St. Pierre Hughes of Ottawa . . . The amazement of the West, Montreal and Halifax that Toronto should be the locale of a popular novel, as in Grace Irwin's "Least of All Saints," now ranking fourth in Public Library readership in Toronto itself . . . Mrs. Alice Stark of Toronto, second place winner in ninth International Color Slide Exhibit, auspices of Toronto Camera Club . . . Soprano Lois Marshall chosen by Arturo Toscanini to sing with NBC Symphony Orchestra, March 28 . . . wedding of Margaret Rutherford of Edmonton, grand-daughter of the late Hon. A. C. Rutherford, first premier of Alberta.

SPRING COMES EARLY

Spring is an early visitor to this lovely seashore resort, and she invites you to join her. Your visit will be a new experience in leisurely living, for the courtesy and attention you will enjoy here will be a revelation.

You can rest in ocean-view rooms; relax on spacious sun decks; watch the ever-changing panorama of sea and sky; brace your tired spirits with zestful salt baths; stroll leisurely along the seemingly endless Boardwalk, with its interesting shops.

Dinner in our Peacock Room is a fitting end to a magnificent day. Every moment of your visit with us will be memorable . . . every day a real holiday.

Plan to meet Spring here now. Write today for our illustrated brochure.

CANADIAN OFFICES:
Suite 2224, 44 King Street West
Toronto, Ontario
Telephone: Empire 6-4636

Call your local travel agent or write direct

CHALFONTE — HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Atlantic City's oldest hotel firm
LEEDS & LIPPINCOTT CO.
63 years in the hotel business

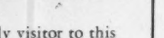
FOR *YOUR* TABLE...

Famous in the best circles for over 100 years

The same fine sauce that finds an honored place on the dining tables of world-famous clubs.

FOR *YOUR* COOKING!

Always keep Lea & Perrins on your condiment shelf . . . Use it often to give an extra flavor lift to gravies, stews, soups and snack dishes . . . Use it to give the *chef*'s touch to everyday cooking!



LEA & PERRINS
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
Sauce

Lady Madge Tupper: Alice to Ballet

By FRANK MORRISS

WINNIPEG'S drama circles used to have their own little party game, and it was this: "Suppose you put Lady Tupper and Nancy Pyper in an empty room; suppose you locked the door and left them; when you opened it in half an hour, which one would be alive?"

Nobody ever dared to do this, of course. People used to stir uneasily and look for the nearest exit if they were together in a crowded drawing room or a theatre lobby. Certainly, nobody has ever come along worthy of Lady Tupper's mettle since Nancy Pyper left to make assaults on Toronto's Hart House and Canada's navy.

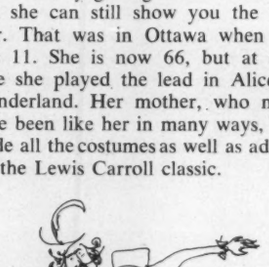
These two histrionic gladiators enlivened Winnipeg's theatrical scene in the late 1920's and the early 1930's. Winnipeg's drama has never recovered from the shock, and of late years Lady Tupper has had her fun insulting the wrong people at the right time, bossing the roost and getting things done all in the service of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

Indeed, without Lady Tupper, the Winnipeg Ballet might easily have sickened and died, to be only a memory of a brief and lively art. It is Lady Tupper's ability to get on a high horse and, like Stephen Leacock's warrior, ride off in all directions. It is also Lady Tupper's maddeningly irrational gift, having arrived in a number of places, to find that each one of them can be of service to the ballet. Her frightening energy, her habit of 'phoning everybody at every-which hour of the day or night, her ruthless and unswerving purpose, have won where cooler heads have failed.

IT IS pretty safe to say that there is nobody like Lady Tupper in Canada. This will cause a great many people to heave a sigh of relief and might even cause some of them to stand up and cheer. But even those who are licking their wounds from their latest encounter with her will admit a grudging admiration for one who has done so much and so unselfishly.

During her career she has played Alice in Wonderland, Cleopatra and a Lady Lion Tamer, to name only a few roles. Now she is being her quixotic self as vice-president of the board of the Winnipeg Ballet. Everybody, including the board, knows, however, that she is the power behind the throne and that she is quite capable of pushing that throne on anybody who gets in her way . . . which is often. She can be as petulant as Alexander Woolcott, as raging as Lady Macbeth and as absolute as Napoleon. Napoleon, however, met his Waterloo. Nobody to date has been able to stop Madge Tupper.

She is a fighter who has never heard the gong. She started her acting career by getting her nose broken and she can still show you the tiny scar. That was in Ottawa when she was 11. She is now 66, but at that time she played the lead in Alice in Wonderland. Her mother, who must have been like her in many ways, had made all the costumes as well as adapting the Lewis Carroll classic.



Little Margaret Morse, as she was known in those days, was receiving the plaudits of the audience when the pack of cards which was thrown as part of a theatrical effect, struck little Margaret square on the nose.

"It was a crucifying experience," says Lady Tupper, recalling it today. "But I took all my curtain calls."

Of late years she has been content to throw things while somebody else dances in the limelight.

She was born in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, on Jan. 28, 1887, but went to Ottawa as a child of three. Her father, Charles Morse, was a lawyer and a member of the civil service. He also wrote, while Mrs. Morse painted and dabbled in the arts. Margaret was precocious and had pieces published in the *Ottawa Citizen* at an early date.

"I was a very violent and rebellious child," says Lady Tupper. "I was difficult and individual and I don't think I ever conformed. I like mankind, but when it comes to the individual . . ." and here she gives an expressive shrug and laughs. "I'm a little better now, I think. Life conditions you to it, and I suppose it's good for the soul."

A short, handsome woman with softly waving grey hair she can, like Dorothy Parker, give the first impression of being very mild. However, when you have left the room she is quite likely to sum up your personality with a pungent description that can be scathingly unkind; she can also revise her opinion about you with alarming rapidity and people never know, when they get up in the morning, whether they are in court favor with Madge that day or not.

Her tongue is a weapon that everybody fears. Once her anger has died down, however, she can be generous to her opponent. She is quite ready to admit, for instance, that her old rival, Nancy Pyper, is a far better actress than she ever was.

After her baptism of theatrical fire she went to a school operated in New York City by the Sisters of St. John the Baptist, a high Church of England order.

•

WHEN she was 16 an uncle, the Rev. George Peters, who ran a seedy parish somewhere in Brooklyn, befriended a group of Shakespearian actors. Margaret was pressed into service as Desdemona in a performance of Othello. Pressed seems to be an apt description since the actor in the title role nearly strangled her.

After further adventures on the stage she had her formal "coming out" in Ottawa. Visiting in Winnipeg she met young Charles Tupper, later Sir Charles, very distantly related. They were married in 1910 and lived in Winnipeg.

Lady Tupper directed, she acted, she got things done and she argued violently. When she disagreed with the policies of the Little Theatre under John Craig's direction, she left.

She formed her own company and called it The Player's Guild. And she is perfectly willing to admit, some years later, that splitting Winnipeg drama into two factions may have wrecked it.

At that time, along with Nella Jefferis, Col. Henry Osborne, Martha Allan and others, she got the support of Lord Bessborough and helped to found the Dominion Drama festival.

She sums up this period as her Seven Years War and adds, "after that I resigned." Not, however, before she had dislodged the Dominion Drama Festival from Ottawa and moved it to Winnipeg for the session of 1938.

"It was a tempestuous week," she says with a fine sense of understatement. The cries of fury echoed in the lobby of the Walker theatre, in hotel suites and other Winnipeg battlegrounds, but the festival ended up on the right end of the financial stick.

THEN World War II started and Lady Tupper knew that even she couldn't compete with that. She went into comparative seclusion because she felt that her only child, Margot, was at the age when she needed all her mother's attention.

This seclusion lasted until she saw Gweneth Lloyd, who had recently arrived in Winnipeg to start ballet.

She promptly knew that, at last, Winnipeg had provided something

really worth her mettle and so she took the remaining $125 from her now defunct Player's Guild and put it straight, place and show on Miss Lloyd's lively ballet filly.

"Gweneth decided at first she wasn't going to take up with me because I'd boss the whole works," says Lady Tupper knowingly. But later on, when the ballet had gone on to artistic glory and financial chaos, Lady Tupper got a number of Winnipeg's prominent citizens behind the company and incorporated it as a non-profit organization. Lady Tupper's day of glory had arrived.

Lady Tupper has seen the Winnipeg Ballet put on its professional feet, and she is determined that it shall have its place in the sun. The thought of the Canadian National Ballet can turn her to thoughts of violence.

The National Ballet she regards as a troupe of upstarts and she has said so on a number of occasions, including the time she was sent to Toronto by the board to witness its first performance.

Lady Tupper refuses to discuss the behind-the-scenes explosions that backfired all over Winnipeg, and as far as London, when she decided that the then Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip would attend a Royal Command performance of the Winnipeg Ballet. Manitoba's Lieutenant Governor, Hon. R. F. McWilliams, had decreed otherwise.

When the smoke of battle had died away the best laid plans of His Honor were in shreds and Their Royal Highnesses turned up at the ballet.

This was Lady Tupper's finest hour and she rose to the occasion trailing clouds of thunder and glory. When, on the windy, chill night of the Command Performance it was apparent that chaos was going to result because cars were not to be parked within the vicinity of the civic auditorium, she got on the telephone. She pried Police Chief McIver away from his dinner and got him to have the order changed. People who were saved long walks in chill weather were properly grateful.

Always shrewdly aware that a big social occasion can make an artistic as well as a financial success, she has engineered command performances by the various governors-general at the Little Theatre, The Player's Guild and the ballet.

Her chief drawback, to date, has been in organizing and then destroying, because a project has not come up to her expectations.

In the case of the Winnipeg Ballet, however, she has realized from the very first that it is something unique in Canada's theatrical life.

At the moment you are reading this she is probably on the telephone prodding somebody into activity.

And one thing you can be sure of . . . . she is getting her own way.

We Give You the Creeps

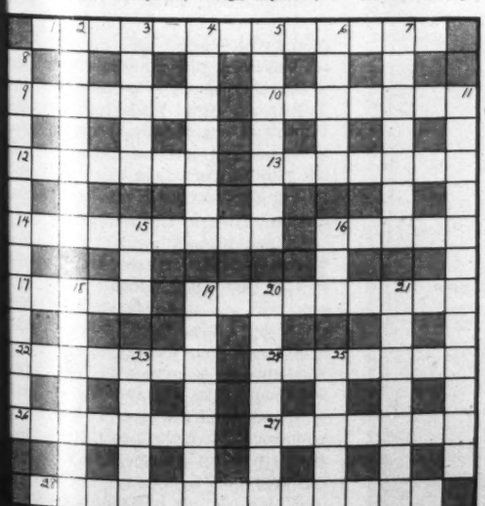
By LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Natural result of being frightened out of one's life. (6, 2, 5)
9. The Weird Sisters' prophecies were, for Macbeth. (7)
10. One who is, may be waiting for the spring. (7)
12. Begin a sketch of the way birds travel on water. (7)
13. It might take pages to show its misdeeds. (7)
14. It seems Circe made Ulysses' men stubborn. (9)
16. It takes a cloud to really pour. (5)
17. Barrie's old lady showed more than one, in fact, the dame had 50. (5)
19. Beginning a communist article with a Red-backed leader. (9)
22. A strange tale about an elf in the woods? (7)
24. One makes an a-mews-ing imitation, perhaps. (4, 3)
26. If you like to do this, read 18 in 28. (7)
27. Not one of the late 6 this time. (7)
28. Their former occupants, though departed, may put in an appearance at any time. (7, 6)

DOWN

2. This price is not likely to floor you. (7)
3. Sounds like a foul place to spend the night. (5)
4. Indeed, sir! (7)
5. It is bound to boil over at first. (7)
6. Lear's the making of Gloster and Kent. (5)
7. Into which space-men vanish? (4, 3)
8. Take a gander at these eruptions, and 26! (5, 7)
11. They haunt the libraries, perhaps. (5, 7)
15. Goethe's king, as parted from 6. (3)
16. Noah's "All aboard!" brought one in. (3)
18. Bloodthirsty old bat! (7)
19. Lake bed? On the contrary! It goes in circles. (7)
20. Shakespeare put a Scotsman on Elizabeth's tail. (7)
21. Flexible as a French nobleman found on the bathroom floor. (7)
23. It's a change to lend a hand when one is. (5)
25. Lie like a prude. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Current account
10. Acrobat
11. Outside
12. Inversion
13. Hairs
14. Sales
15. Escapades
18. Laminated
20. Recur
23. Silas
25. Sorcerers
26. Fathead
27. Roughen
28. Live and let live.

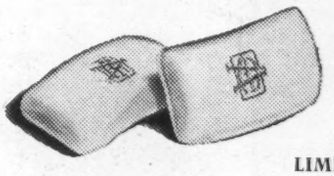
DOWN

2. Unravel
3 and 9. Robertson Davies
4. Nutriment
5. Acorn
6. Catch
7. Unified
8. Tresses
9. See 3
16. Cedar tree
17. Perpetual
18. Lustful
19. Molotov
21. Chekhov
22. Rising
24. Scena
25. Sided (251)

It's a gift for Beautiful Hands!

Elizabeth Arden

ARDENA HAND LOTION



with Guest Soap at no extra cost!

LIMITED TIME EVENT!

Stock up now on Elizabeth Arden's famous Ardena Hand Lotion—rich, creamy, and non-sticky—and receive Miss Arden's choice Guest Soap at no extra cost in this very special offer. This is the famous Elizabeth Arden soap, made on a cream base, hard milled, long-lasting and highly scented.

BLUE GRASS OR JUNE GERANIUM HAND LOTION

4 oz. plastic bottle with two cakes of guest soap, *both* for **1.50**

8 oz. plastic bottle with three cakes of guest soap, *both* for **2.50**

Elizabeth Arden

SIMPSON'S, TORONTO

And At Smartest Shops in Every Town

Feeling Beauty

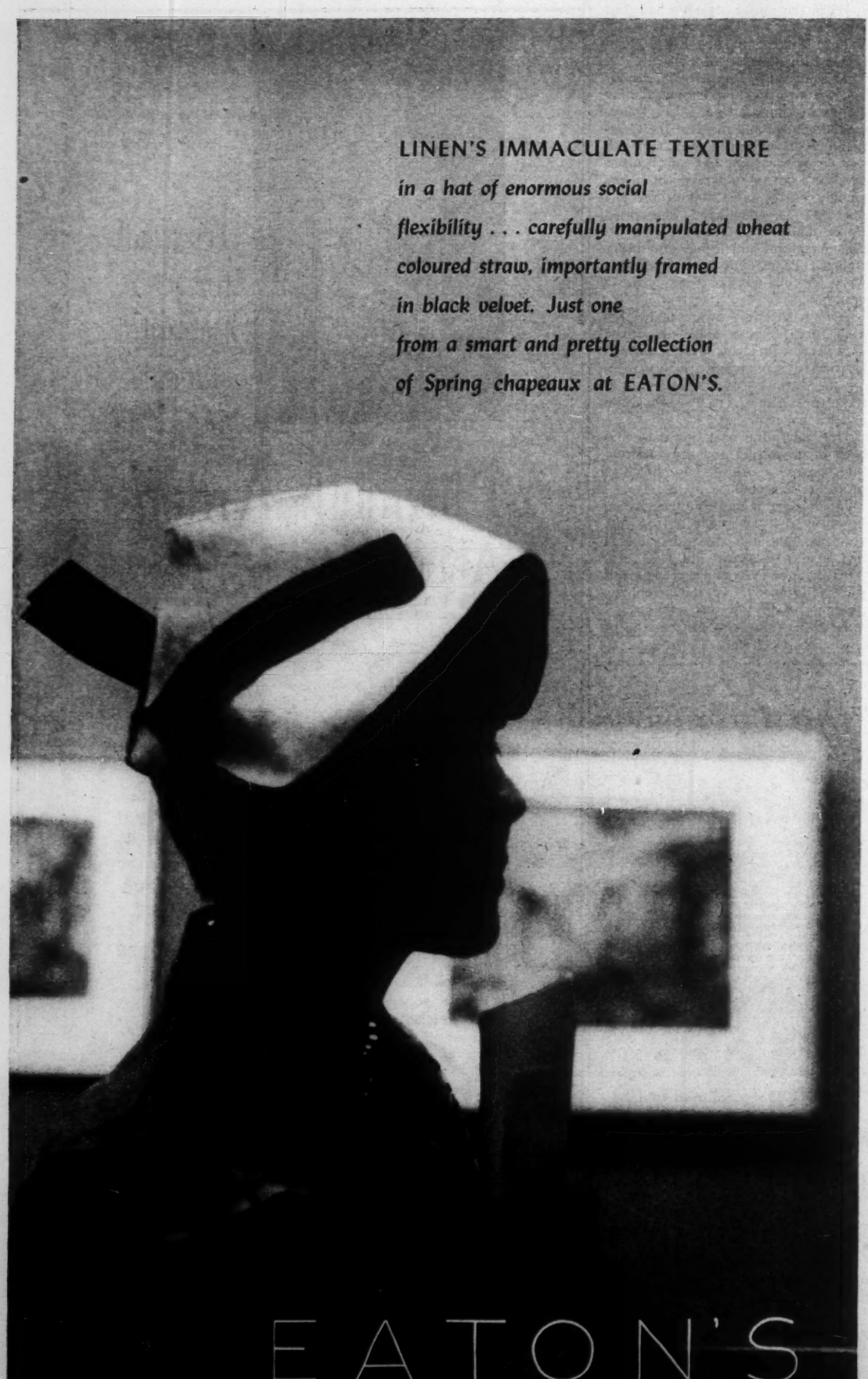
I cannot reach the music of machines
As I can grasp the rainbow and the rose
Perhaps I do not know what music means—
Nor understand the beds where beauty grows.

It may well be that I am deaf and blind
To the great feats of alloy and cement.
It may well be that I was left behind
To fathom in the darkness what they meant.

But can *you* find the sky in silent wires
Or weave the waves into a well oiled wheel?
Or lend the fury of the forest fire
The blow-torch flame that bends a growing keel?

Each one of us attempts what he admires.
Yet let us—for a change—try what we feel.

ANTHONY FRISCH


LINEN'S IMMACULATE TEXTURE
in a hat of enormous social
flexibility . . . carefully manipulated wheat
coloured straw, importantly framed
in black velvet. Just one
from a smart and pretty collection
of Spring chapeaux at EATON'S.
EATON'S
CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION — STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Fashion

THE STOLE gains a new Spring impetus, probably because it is a most versatile asset to your whole wardrobe. You really should spend some time in front of a full length mirror just trying out the savoir-faire effects that can be achieved by merely draping the stole in various ways around your shoulders. Stoles with suits even have a practical warmth value, since they are big, made of the suit material and lined. Crocheted or knitted stoles are certain to be popular. They have such an affinity with good style and can be trimmed completely out of grandma's-day recognition by looped or tasselled fringes, or for evening glamour can glint with metal thread or sequins.

Stole influence is to be seen in the new long scarf for spring. It is especially new in ombre striped sheer. Or if you are devoted to squares, you can still be in fashion with a big 18 by 18 inch printed square scarf. Lilimar of Montreal has some sheer beauties in both styles.

THE TIARA will probably continue to be the important headress motif until after June. For formal occasions nothing is more beautiful than a simple rhinestone circlet. Mr. John, in his recent New York show, featured a tiara with inner cap of iridescent panne, with softening touch added by a royal aigrette. But the Spring influence is already seen in the half-crown hats of tiny flowerlets, wearable on the street or to party luncheons. And for ballerina-skirted young brides Eaton's is showing a tiny rhinestone-encrusted "Swan Lake" crown which, of course, should be worn with a floating shoulder-length veil and cross-strapped ballet slippers.

CORONATION is also a Spring theme in jewellery. Coro has dramatized the Coronation Chair itself in a gold-plated pin with various colored stones representing the now-much-guarded Stone of Scone; the royal crown comes in matching gold-plated-with-jewels set of earrings, necklace and pin; while the Orb adds a bracelet as well to its set. And Trifari of New York turns to the English posies for his Spring inspiration, saluting jasmine, dogwood and lily pad in enamel, in tones of Coronation Red, Royal Blue and Ermine White.

FRESH PINK and soft grey are still the top fashion colors, although you will see a lot of yellow, too. And then, of course, if you want bright colors, they are there. Forstman Woolens, as a matter of fact, have come along in a travel mood—part of the Coronation fever, of course—with Castilian Colors as their theme. And anything Spanish simply cannot be subdued.

MARGARET NESS

Lighter Side

Some Signs of the Season

IT MUST have been in late January that someone spotted the first robin hereabouts. However this cannot be taken as an authentic sign of spring, since the first robin always turns up on the front page of the morning paper and nowhere else. I have never known anyone who actually saw the first robin, though I have talked to people who claim they have met authentic first-robin spotters. This still puts the first robin in the class of unverifiable public phenomena, along with the Rope Trick.

It isn't necessarily a sign of spring either when the lilac bushes begin to put out tight green buds, for lilac bushes are notoriously weak in their timing. Our lilac bushes are usually all set for spring just before the big March blizzard. So is our wild plum tree, which is rather young and excitable. The chestnut trees, however, have been there for over half a century and know there is no hurry about springtime. They usually begin spreading the first thin lacquer on their buds about the time we decide to paint the front porch. As harbingers of spring they are no more dependable than a slow clock.

In the springtime the configuration of Lulu, our house cat, begins to alter alarmingly, and she starts investigating the drawer holding the dinner napkins. This, however, is also a summer, fall, and occasionally a winter signal, and cannot be taken as an inalienable sign of spring.

WITH the vernal equinox only two weeks away, it is time to investigate the sure and immutable signs of springtime, most of which I have discovered have little or nothing to do with Nature. The snow is falling as I write and all the upper sides of the black tree branches are neatly and conservatively edged with white, so that the little scene looks exactly like a Christmas card in the Canadian Artist Series. Then why should I suddenly be reminded of the gardening item I clipped last fall on how to preserve your garden trowel through the winter months? The item called for a coating made of glycerine, phosphoric acid, oxalic acid and glass silica. But I can't remember the proportions and now I find I have mislaid the clipping and mislaid the trowel.

Mislaying the trowel is one of the infallible signs of spring.

Another unmistakable harbinger of the season is that I am now aware of Lulu's pawmarks on the dining-room window. It is one of her whims to run to the back door and beg to be let out, then head straight for the dining-room door and beg to be let in. Out of consideration for her condition we usually fall in with the routine, but sometimes we forget about her and she has to spend some time clawing the glass and looking inside for a rescuer. There are also the supplementary marks left by George the visiting cat, who spends a great deal of time clawing the window and looking inside for Lulu. When it stops snowing, I shall go out and clean the window, and I shall then feel that spring is on the way.

This is the season, too, when the six and seven-year-old fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. The boys and girls have been going by to school all winter, the little boys in one group, the little girls in another, all muffled in leggings and ski-jackets and helmets, and all sturdily encased in their natural and mutual enmity. Then suddenly, with no warning from the calendar, they begin scrawling on the front brickwork in pink and blue chalk: "Yoo-hoo Sammy!" "Marlene loves George". This is a strictly seasonal phenomenon and lasts for about a week, after which they withdraw again into their mysterious isolation.

It is a seasonal sign, too, when something impels the housewife to go down cellar and look over the garden furniture. There is the table marked with rings and charred with cigarette burns, and the deck chair with the long clean rent where the last summer guest fell through in the final warm spell of the season. Nothing whatever here to suggest the first dandelion or the sudden ardent gleam of forsythia. Yet it is the springtime impulse that has led her down, in spite of herself, to make the most depressing survey of the year. How much can the garbage man, a rigorously selective type, be persuaded to cart away? What about the empty paint cans, the blown and rigid umbrellas, the single galosh abandoned last winter on the lawn, the row of oil lamps left over from the Hydro-Electric shortage, the irredeemable bottles? What to do with the old hot water boiler that the garbage collector has been steadily rejecting since 1946?

SPRING IS on the way or we wouldn't be aware of the accumulated debris of the year, or suddenly conscious of the eavestroughs, which have been dripping steadily all through the mild winter. It is certainly at hand, with the appearance of the Finance Minister's pre-election Budget, earlier than the earliest crocus. (The supplementary budget may come later, indicating a hard winter, but it is too early to worry about that yet.)

Most reliable sign of all, the Press is beginning to agitate for an All-Canadian Program at the CNE. Now the sap is really beginning to rise in our native veins.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Mothers, when Dressmaking choose

'Viyella'

"WASH AS WOOL... IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE"

For yourself and children of every age, you can make smart looking clothes of 'Viyella' —in authentic tartans, checks, prints, or plain shades. For blouses, skirts, dresses, pyjamas, play-suits or school uniforms nothing wears and washes like 'Viyella'. There is nothing to equal the dressmaking possibilities of 'Viyella' —the amazing fabric with the amazing guarantee—"Wash as Wool—if it Shrinks we replace". 'Viyella' is entirely British made—spun, woven, and finished in Great Britain by William Hollins & Company Ltd. since 1784

V-25

'Viyella' Flannel is sold at all leading stores. (Lux Tested)

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD.

266 KING ST. W. TORONTO ONT.

Coronation

CANADIAN WHISKY

Good hosts serve Coronation...

a light friendly whisky

A product of Canada's Oldest Distillery

Gooderham & Worts Limited

Under 7 Sovereigns Since 1832

C29

For help in the planning of all kinds of Sales Promotion Printing

saturday night press

71 Richmond St. W., Toronto

DIRECT MAIL • PUBLICATIONS • CATALOGUES • FOLDERS
BROADSIDES • BOOKLETS • DISPLAYS

A Complete Advertising-Printing Service

Now... a glorious BERMUDA holiday ... ½ rate for your family!

AT THE HOTEL St. George

GOLF AND BEACH CLUB, ST. GEORGE'S

"Family Plan" at the St. George makes possible a wonderful Bermuda vacation—at rates from $12 a day for the head of the family and only *one-half rate* for each additional person in the same room. A boon to the honeymoon budget. Complete breakfast and dinner, room with private bath included.

The St. George offers every facility to make your holidays happy days. Private beach and golf club . . . pool . . . Al Donahue's orchestra for dinner and dancing nightly. Supervised children's program keeps the youngsters in a world of their own—fun for them, freedom for parents.

Richard M. Toobill, Gen. Mgr.

Consult your Travel Agent or
WILLIAM P. WOLFE ORGANIZATION
Representatives
92 Adelaide St. West, Toronto • EM. 6-3422
Also New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago

HARDY Perennials for CANADIAN GARDENS

PERENNIALS are the foundation of any garden . . . easy-to-grow . . . inexpensive to plant . . . they add exotic beauty to a garden . . . continuous bloom from Spring until Fall with a minimum of attention . . . We offer Beautiful Edgings . . . Rock Plants . . . Border Perennials . . . all healthy rooted plants for background and cutting . . . Over 1,000 different varieties of . . . PERENNIALS . . . ROSES . . . EVERGREENS . . . SHADE TREES . . . MUMS . . . FLOWERING SHRUBS . . . FRUIT TREES . . . BUSH FRUITS, etc. . . . McConnell's offer only hardy, healthy plants grown for the Canadian climate . . . beautify and increase the value of your home . . . Write for catalogue . . . It's FREE!

WE SAVE YOU MONEY
As Growers Shipping Direct.
Ship Anywhere in Canada.
(EST. 1912)
(M.532)

ADDRESS YOUR REQUESTS TO DEPT. 1

The McCONNELL NURSERY CO. LTD.
PORT BURWELL ONTARIO

CANADIAN COLLECTION FREE

Includes early Victorian issues—Jubilee Issues — High Values — Commemoratives—Special Issues—Newfoundlands—and many Pictorials etc., etc. together with Large Philatopic Magazine all free. Send 5c for postage.

EMPIRE STAMP COMPANY
DEPT S.O. TORONTO ONTARIO

The Backward Glance

55 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

EVERY ONE of us loves to putter through an attic or thumb the pages of the family album. Things that happened before we were born interest and entertain us, while news items and advertisements that were part of our youth take us back in memory like nothing else can ever do, except, perhaps, a song. With this issue, SATURDAY NIGHT introduces a weekly feature, in which we turn back our pages and take a glimpse at the past.

Let us look at the issue for March 5, 1898.

The world was a comparatively peaceful spot in that year, although the Boer War was brewing, and SATURDAY NIGHT inferred that the *U.S.S. Maine* had been sunk in Havana harbor through carelessness and faulty shipbuilding methods rather than by a Spanish mine, and ends the item by saying, " . . . the *Maine* was blown up by a yellow journal to make a paragraph."

THE BIG NEWS of the day was the Ontario provincial elections and the gold rush to the Klondyke. Three railroads were advertising their trains as the fastest and most comfortable means of transportation to the goldfields, the C.P.R., Grand Trunk and Wabash, although none of them had their north-western terminus within a thousand miles of the stamping grounds of Dan McGrew. Presumably the tenderfoot and sourdough (or perhaps after an 1898 train ride he could be better called a sourfoot or tenderdough) was expected to mush the rest of the way to the Yukon.

The Ontario elections had been over for four days, but nobody knew who had won them. One candidate, by the name of Beatty, in Parry Sound, played it cagy by running for election under both parties. He had been elected four years before on the Conservative ticket "but with sealed orders, which, on being opened at the appointed hour bade him support whichever party was in power," which had happened to be the Liberals. In the current election he was opposed by another Conservative, but in true opportunist fashion he had boasted that "in the interests of his riding" he would support the party in power once again. With a straight face SATURDAY NIGHT commented, "This endeared him to the riding and he was elected."

Under Books and Shop-Talk we find that J. M. Barrie was bringing out a sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*; Charles G. D. Roberts had almost completed a new novel called *A Sister To Evangeline;* and *How To Be Happy, Though Married* had just reached a sale of 50,000 copies.

OLD advertising favorites such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, Bovril and Windsor Salt were prominent in the magazine's pages, and Labatt's India pale ale led the trend to medical testimonials with the following quote: "In nervous women we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic," signed, "Superintendent of large United States Hospital."

The Kemp Manufacturing Co. (destined to become the giant General Steel Wares) advertised granite and diamond enameled ware; Vin Mariani tonic contained a testimonial by Sarah Bernhardt; Geo. W. Cooley advertised Canadian, Irish and Scotch whiskies, in that order; Warres' Conuido Port Wine was claimed to contain no sediment; and tea (which cost 25c a pound) was represented by ads representing Tetley's Elephant Brand, Salada, Ram Lal's Pure Indian, and Monsoon Indo-Ceylon. Coleman's Salt and Rice's Pure Salt advertised, as did seven or eight portrait painters, a whole symphony of music teachers, enough vocal professors to fill the country with song, and Church's Auto-Voce Institute whose ad about stammering was placed, providentially, ahead of the vocal blandishments. A display ad beginning "YOU MUST BE A GOOD WRITER" was not followed by a breathless story of a farm housewife who had just sold her first piece, "after sixty lessons", to the Maidenvale Daily *Mucilage*, but the good, solid admonition that "you must be a good writer before you can get into any first-class Banking or Insurance Institution." In those days when they said writing, they meant just that, the ability to write legibly with a pen.

THE WORLD of the Drama reported that Otis Harlan was appearing in New York in "A Stranger In New York"; John Drew in "One Summer's Day"; Henry Miller had produced "The Master" by G. Stuart Ogilvie, and Pinero's piece, "Trelawney of the Wells" was playing in London. "The Wizard of the Nile" had not arrived for its scheduled appearance at the Grand opera house in Toronto, and that city was disappointed too that Minnie Fiske, starring in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was unable to appear "because the only theatre available was under the control of the Theatrical Trust."

This rather sinister sounding piece of histrionic news was allayed somewhat by the fact that Capt. A. H. Lee of the Royal Military College in Kingston gave a lecture on the Battle of Waterloo, illustrated by stereopticon views; the Misses Stuart held an At Home during which progressive pedro was played, followed by dancing; and a *musicale* in the Confederation Life Building was given by Signor Pier Delasco.

A two-column story, reprinted from the Smith's Falls *Record*, gives a painful review of the short sickly life of one Rev. W. A. Dunnett, who is described as Canada's best-known temperance worker and evangelist. After thirteen years in which he suffered constant pain around the heart, and fainted at meetings in Toronto, Woodstock, N.B., Carleton Place, Ont., and Manchester, New Hampshire, the good Reverend (who was probably dying of thirst) reached the oasis of Brockville, Ont. Here he was revived with a liberal helping of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and with these temporal adjuncts to the temperate life he continued on his way smiting mightily at John Barleycorn's fallen brethren. Modestly, and probably with a small financial assist from Dr. Williams, Dunnett ends his biographical heartburn: "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health today than I do." This little saga shows two things: all the ads weren't in the ad columns in those days, and W. A. Dunnett should have become an advertising writer, but didn't.

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	16
BUSINESS	25
CHESS	24
FILMS	31
LETTERS	5
LETTER FROM OTTAWA	14
LIGHTER SIDE	37
MUSIC	12
SPORTS	23
THE LITERARY LIFE	9
THE PASSING SHOW	11
WOMEN	33
WORLD AFFAIRS	19

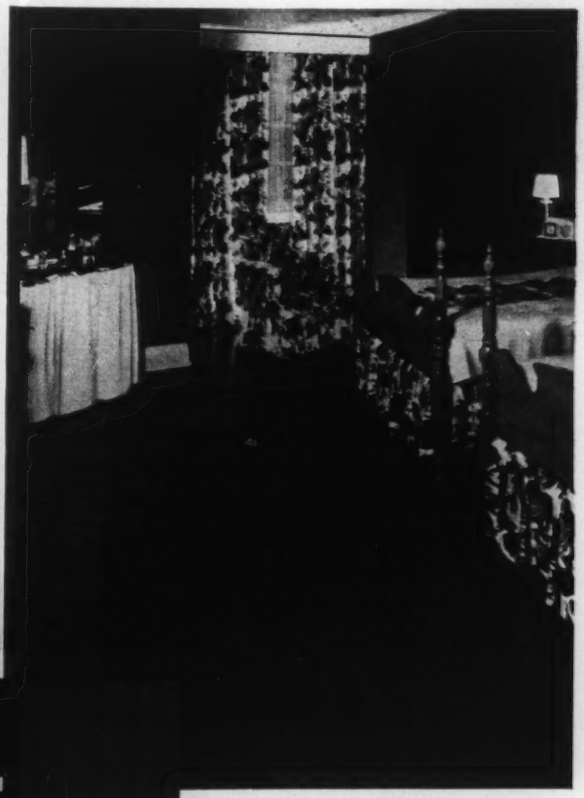
SATURDAY NIGHT
VOL. 68, NO. 22 WHOLE NO. 3122
ESTABLISHED 1887

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Contributing Editors, James Coleman, Robertson Davies, Peter Donovan, Paul Duval, Marjorie Thompson Flint, Carroll Kilpatrick (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York). Lloyd M. Hodgkinson, Advertising Sales Manager. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada. Jack Kent Cooke, President and Publisher; George Collington, Vice-President and General Manager; E. R. Milling, Vice-President and Director of Sales; Neil M. Watt, Treasurer and Comptroller; George Colvin, Assistant Comptroller; William Zimmerman, Q.C. Secretary. Gordon Rumgay, Director of Circulation. E. M. Pritchard, Director of Manufacturing. Vancouver, 815 W. Hastings St.; New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 551 Fifth Ave.; Los Angeles 48, 6399 Wilshire Blvd.; London, England, 16 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1.

"Both pleased and proud" about her linoleum floors, says Mrs. Membery

Today's linoleums are for *all* your "living" rooms. Here for example, is how Mrs. Membery has used *Dominion Linoleum* floors in her lovely suburban home. Not just in the kitchen — though there of course, too — but in the dining room, the hall, the master bedroom, the children's bedrooms, the bathrooms . . . Notice the interesting use of color and pattern, and how they contribute to the total effect. What you *can't* see is the restful, noiseless resilience of Mrs. Membery's floors, and the hours of "floor-work" they save her every month (dirt just *swishes* off linoleum's satiny surface). These truly modern, permanent floors were built right into the house — just like hardwood — over a low-cost base. In fact, *you* can "build with linoleum" for no more than you would pay for hardwood.

MRS. E. O. MEMBERY,
Agincourt, Ont.



The charm of Jaspé pattern J/724 and Marboleum M/93 are combined to match the blithe spirit of the master bedroom.

The clever relating of floor design between kitchen and adjoining dining area is achieved with Marboleum patterns M/11 and M/41 as background, Marboleum patterns M/39 and M/93 for inset stripes.

The bold inset design for Marboleum pattern M/93 against Marboleum M/89 adds interest to this cosy, colorful boy's bedroom.

For years to come the Memberys will know the joys of modern living with modern linoleum. A flooring and floor covering combined, linoleum is equally smart all by itself or as a base for carpets and rugs.

If you are at the planning stage, use our new illustrated booklets as practical guides to modern flooring and as a stimulating source of home planning ideas. Just write Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited, Home Planning Department, 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

Dominion INLAID Linoleum

MARBOLEUM BATTLESHIP JASPÉ HANDICRAFT

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited • Montreal

Scotland's Pride – the World's Choice!

Famed are the clans of Scotland . . . their colourful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's Special, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

DEWAR'S
SPECIAL
SCOTCH WHISKY

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND